

THE
HISTORY
OF
TIMON OF ATHENS,
THE MAN-HATER.

*First written by Mr. Wil. SHAKESPEAR,
& since altered by Mr. Tho. SHADWELL.*



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THE
HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST



BY JOHN H. ...

LONDON



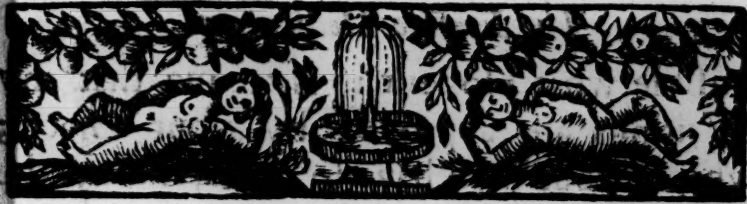
ILL

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May



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admire
Men



TO THE MOST

ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE

G E O R G E

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, &c.

May it please your Grace,

Nothing could ever contribute more to my having a good Opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace : The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so Noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities, which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good Men, and Men of Sence admire you, and none but Fools and ill Men fear you for 'em. I am extreemly

The Epistle Dedicatory.

fenfible what Honour it is to me that my can t
Writings are approved by your Grace which
who in your own have fo clearly fhown the the co
excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Man
Self, and fo juftly the defect of 'em in who
others, that they at once ferve for the great
eft Example, and the fharpeft Reproof
And no Man who has perfectly underftood
the *Rehearfal*, and fome other of your
Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can
write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epiftle to make
Declamation upon thefe and your other ex
cellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of
Buckingham is enough: who cannot have
greater commendations from me than a
who have the Honour to know him already
give him. Amongft which number I thin
it my greateft happinefs to be one, and
can never be prouder of any thing can arriv
to me, than of the honour of having been
admitted fometimes into your Graces Con
verfation, the moft charming in the World
I am now to prefent your Grace with the
History of *Timon*, which you were pleafed
to tell me you liked; and it is the moft
worthy of you, fince it has the inimitable
hand of *Shakefpear* in it, which never made
more Mafterly ftrokes than in this. Yet

The Epistle Dedicatory.

my can truly say, I have made it into a Play,
ace which I humbly lay at your feet, begging
n the continuance of your Favour, which no
your Man can value more than I shall ever do,
m in who am unfeignedly,

MY LORD,

Your Graces,

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.



PROLOGUE TO TIMON.

*S*ince the bare gleanings of the Stage are grown
The only Portion for brisk Wits o' th' Town , }
We mean such as have no crop of their own ;
Methinks you should encourage them that sow ,
Who are to watch and gather what does grow .
Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse ,
As you do Mistresses for others use :
The wittiest Play can serve him but one day ,
Though for three Months it finds you what to say .
Yet you your Creditors of Wit will fail ,
And never pay , but borrow on and rail .
Poor Ecchos can repeat Wit , though they've none , }
Like Bag-pipes they no Sound have of their own , }
Till some into their emptiness be blown .
Yet...
To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad ,
And labour for't as if they were Wit-mad .
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o' th' Nation ,
And Poets eat them into Reputation .
Some Scriblers will Wit their whole Bus'ness make ,
For labour'd Dullness grievous Pains will take ;
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long ,
They now and then bring forth a foolish Song .
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn ,
And by this means a parlous Judge will seem .
Wit is a common Idol , and in vain

*Fops try a thou, and ways the Name to gain.
 Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the Age,
 And meddle not with Sense upon the Stage;
 To you our Poet no one Line submits,
 Who such a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
 'Tis you who truly are so, he would please;
 But knows it is not to be done with Ease.
 In th' Art of Judging you as wise are grown;
 As in their Choice some Ladies of the Town.
 Your neat shap't Barbary Wits you will despise,
 And none but lusty Sinewy Writers prize.
 Old English Shakespear stomachs you have still,
 And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with Skill.
 You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
 Retailers are, that spread it up and down.
 Set but your Stamp upon't, though it be Brass,
 With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant pass.
 Try it to day, and we are sure 'twill hit,
 All to your Sovereign Empire must submit,*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON of ATHENS.

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian Captain,*

APEMANTUS, *a Rigid Philosopher.*

NICIAS.

PHÆAX.

ÆLIUS.

CLEON.

ISANDER.

ISIDORE.

THRASILLUS.

DEMETRIUS, *Timons Steward.*

DIPHILUS, *Servant to Timon.*

OLD MAN.

POET.

PAINTER.

JEWELLER.

MUSICIAN.

MERCHANT.

EVANDRA.

MELISSA.

CHLOE.

THAIS.

PHRINIAS.

SERVANTS.

MESSENGERS.

SEVERAL MASQUERADERS.

SOLDIERS.

} *Senators of Athens.*

} *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

SCENE ATHENS.

TIMON



TIMON OF ATHENS,
OR, THE
MAN-HATER.

A C T I.
S C E N E I.

Demetrius.

HOW strange is it to see my riotous Lord
With careless Luxury betray himself!
To Feast and Revel all his hours away;
Without account how fast his Treasure
ebbs,
How slowly flows; and when I warn'd
him of

His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
He nipt my growing honesty i' th' Bud,
And kill'd it quite: and well for me he did so.
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit.
But now like Evil Councillors I comply,

A 5

And

10 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

And lull him in his soft lethargick life.
 And like such curst Politicians can
 Share in the headlong ruine, and will rise by't.
 What vast rewards to nauseous Flatterers,
 To Pimps, and Women, what Estates he gives!
 And shall I have no share? Be gone all Honesty,
 Thou foolish, slender, threadbare, starving thing
 be gone!

Enter Poet.

Here's a Fellow Horse-leech: How now Poet
 how goes the World?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord
Timon visible?

Dem. He'll come out suddenly, what have you
 to present him?

Poet. A little Off-spring of my fruitful Muse:
 She's in travail daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you gross flatterer.

[*Aside*
 By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written himself up
 to my Lords Table, which he seldom fails: nay
 into his Chariot, where he in publick does not blush
 to own the sordid Scribler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my Noble Lord
 was Epigram: But this is in Heroick Style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by Style? That of good
 Sence is all alike;

That is to say, with apt and easie words, not one too
 little or too much:

And this I think good Style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o' th' matter! apt and
 easie!

Heroick must be lofty and high sounding;
 No easie language in Heroick Verse;
 'Tis most unfit: for should I name a Lion,

THE MAN-HATER.

II

I must not in Heroicks call him so!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'd as soon call him an Ass. No thus...

The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the Beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lyon would sound so baldly,
not to be endur'd, and a Bull too... but

The mighty Warriour of the horned Race:

Ah!... how that sounds!

Dem. Then I perceive sound's the great matter in
this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you sound a Fox as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a scurvy Beast for Heroick Verse.

Dem. Hum... is it so? How will a Raven do in
Heroick?

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.

That black and dreadful fate-denouncing Fowl.

Dem. An excellent sound... But let me see your
Piece.

Poet. I'll read it... 'Tis a good-morrow to the Lord
Timon.

Dem. Do you make good-morrow sound loftily?

Poet. Oh very loftily!...

The fringed Vallance of your Eyes advance,

Shake off your Canopy'd and downy trance:

Phœbus already quaffs the morning dew,

Each does his daily lease of life renew.

Now you shall hear Description, 'tis the very life of
Poetry.

He darts his beams on the Larks mossie House;

And from his quiet Tenement does rouse

The little charming and harmonious Fowl,

Which sings its lump of body to a Soul:

Swiftly it clammers up in the steep Air

With

With warbling throat and makes each note a stair.

There's rapture for you ! hah!...

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. *This the solicitous Lover straight alarms,
Who too long slumber'd in his Cælias arms :
And now the swelling Spunges of the night
With aking heads stagger from their delight :
Slovenly Taylors to their Needles hast :
Already now the moving shops are plac'd
By those who crop the treasures of the fields,
And all those Gems the ripening Summer yields.*

Who d'ye think these are now ? Why... Nothing but
Herb-Women: these are fine lofty expressions for
Herb-Women: Ha!... *Already now, &c.*

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis description though.

Dem. Yes in twenty lines to describe to him that
'tis about the Fourth hour in the Morning... I'll in and
let him know in three words 'tis the seventh.

[*Exit Demetrius.*]

Enter Musician.

Poet. Good Morning, Sir, whither this way?

Mus. To present his Honour with a piece of
Musick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will soon come out.

Poet. He's the very Spirit of Nobility...
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth,
His Univerfal bounty falls on all.

Enter

THE MAN-HATER.

13

Enter Merchant , Jeweller , Painter , and several others.

Jewell. Good Morrow , Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the House !

Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws ?

Magick of bounty... These familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewell. 'Tis of an excellent Water.

Poet. What have you there , Sir ?

Paint. It is a Picture , Sir , a dumb piece of Poetry :
But you present a speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing slipt idly from me :
The fire within the flint shews not it self
Till it be struck ; our gentle flame provokes
It self...

Dem. You write so scurvily , the Devil's in any
Man that provokes
You , but your self.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the Life.

Paint. So , so.

Dem. Now must these Rascals be presented all ,
As if they had saved his Honour , or his Life ;
And I must have a feeling in the business.

Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd !

Enter more who pass over.

Paint. See more , well , he's a noble Spirit !

Jewell. A most worthy Lord !

Poet. What a flood of Visitors his bounty draws !

Dem.

14 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery Creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, present
Their services to Lord *Timons* prosp'rous Fortune.
He to his good and gracious nature does subdue
All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that Philosophical Churl
Who hates the World, and does almost abhor
Himself...

Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the
finest Picture!

Poet. The joy of all Mankind, deserves a *Homer*
for his Poet.

Jewell. A most accomplish'd Person!

Poet. The Glory of the Age!

Paint. Above all Parallel!

Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this Man poor,
would fly him,

As I would them, if I were he.

[*Soft Musick.*

Poet. Here's excellent Musick!

In what delights he melts his hours away!

Enter Timon and Senators, Timon addressing himself
courteously to all.

Tim. My Lord you wrong your self, and bate too
much of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must
receive it.

Isidore. Your Lordship has the very Soul of Bounty.

Phaax. You load us with too many Obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my Friends too much.
My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courser which I rode on:
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

Phaax. I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.

Tim.

THE MAN-HATER. 15

ds, *Tim.* My word is past : is there ought else you like?
 know, my Lord, no Man can justly praise
 at what he does affect; and I must weigh
 ly Friends affections with my own :
 o kindly I receive your visits, Lords :
 er ly heart is not enough to give, methinks,
 could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne'er be
 weary.

Ælius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast
 the bounty !

Cleon. The spirit of Magnificence reigns in you !

Phæax. Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.

Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much
 mer honour.

Isand. There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.

Thrasil. None but the Sun and He oblige, without
 or, prospect of Return.

sick. *Enter a Messenger and whispers Timon.*

Tim. *Lampridius* Imprison'd ! say you ?

Mess. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his Debt;
 nself is Means are short, his Creditors most strict ;
 e begs your Letter to those cruel Men,
 hat may preserve him from his utter ruine.

Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off
 to y Friend when most he needs me : I know him,

must Gentleman that well deserves my help ;
 hich he shall have : I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your Lordship ever binds him to your service.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
 s. and when he's free, bid him depend on me :

is not enough to help the feeble up,
 it to support him after... tell him so.

Mess. All happiness to your honour.

this. [*Exit Messenger.*

Tim.

Enter

16 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, Good Father.

Old Man. You have a Servant named *Diphilus*.

Tim. I have so, that is he.

Old Man. That Fellow there by night frequents
House.

I am a Man that from my first have been
Inclin'd to thrift, and my Estate deserves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a Trencher.

Tim. Go on.

Old Man. I have an only Daughter : no Kin else
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The Maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.
This Man attempts her love; pray, my good Lord,
Join with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.

Tim. The Man is honest.

Old Man. His honesty rewards him in himself;
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim. Do you love her?

Diphil. Yes, my good Lord, and she accepts
mine.

Old Man. If to her Marriage my consent
wanting,

I call the Gods to witness, I will make
The Beggars of the street my Heirs, e'er she
Shall have a drachma.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine has serv'd me long;
There is a duty from a Master too;
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
What e'er your Daughters Portion weighs, this Money

THE MAN-HATER. 17

all counterpoise.

Old Man. Say you so, my Noble Lord! upon
your honour
is, and She is his.

Tim. Give me thy hand: my Honour on my
promise.

Diphil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my
Knees:

y I be as miserable as I shall be base
then I forget this most surprizing favour:
Fortune or Estate shall e'er be mine,
which I'll not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Rise. I ne'er do good with prospect of return,
that were but Merchandizing, a meer Trade
putting kindness out to Use.

Poet. Vouchsafe to accept my labours, and long
live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon.
What have you there, my Friend?

Taint. A piece of Limning for your Lordship.

Tim. 'Tis wellcome: I like it, and you shall find I
do.

Jewel. My Lord, here's the Jewel.

Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the
wearing.

Tim. Well mock't.

Poet. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all
Men think.

Apem. Scum of all Flatterers wilt thou still persist
filthy gain to guild and varnish o'er
is great Mans Vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.

Poet. I can bear with your Lordship.

B

Apem.

18 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Apem. Yes and without him too : vain credul come

Timon,

If thou believ'st this Knave, thou art a Fool.

Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good Morgnoran
to thee.

Apem. Till I am gentle stay for thy good Morrihaax.
Till thou art *Timons* Dog, and these Knaves hotpem.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?

Apem. They are *Athenians*, and I'll not recan self an
They're all base Fawners; what a coil is here not all
With smiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums: heir In
I wonder whether all the Legs they make heir D
Are worth the summs they cost you; Friendship's pass aw
Of dregs, base filthy dregs. make

Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth for cringesim. I,

Ælius. Do you know us, Fellow?

Apem. Did I not call you by your names? n wha

Tim. Thou preacheft against Vice, and thoupem.
self art proud, *Apemantus*. u, w

Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*. K

Tim. Why so? in thy

Apem. To give belief to flattering Knaves'em fu

Poets,

And to be still my self my greatest Flatterer : im. I c

What should Great Men be proud of? made of nobaax.

And pomp and show, and holding up their heads no an

And cocking up their Noses; pleas'd to see pem. fu

Base smiling Knaves, and cringing Fools bow to list Inju

Did they but see their own ridiculous Folly, ll in the

Their mean and absurd Vanities; they'd hide strut in

Their heads within some dark and little corner, tis a lo

And be afraid that every Fool should find 'em. ostuma

Tim. Thou hast too much sowness in thy blood now th

Poet. Hang him,... ne'er mind him... ost cor

Apem. What is this foolish animal Man, that n the d
Should magnifie him so? A little warm, upon't
And walking earth that will be ashes soon?

THE MAN-HATER.

19

eduk come into the World crying and squalling,
 f so much of our time's consum'd in driv'ling
 infancy,

Morgnoraunce, sleep, disease and trouble, that
 remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

orrtheax. A Preaching Fool.

hoipem. A Fool? If thou hadst half my Wit thou'dst
 find

ecan self an As! Is it not truth I speak?

not all the arts and subtleties of Men,

: heir Inventions, all their Sciences,

heir Diversions, all their Sports, little enough

hip' pass away their happiest hours with,

make a heavy Life be born with Patience?

ngesim. I, with the help of my Friends, will make
 mine easier

n what your melancholy frames.

thoupem. How little dost thou look before thee!

u, who tak'st such great felicity in Fools and
 Knaves,

in thy own enjoyments, wilt e'er long

aves'em such thin, such poor and empty shadows,

t thou wilt wish thou never hadst been born.

im. I do not think so.

ofndheax. Hang him, send him to the *Areopagus*,
 heads and let him be whipt!

pem. Thus Innocence, Truth and Merit often
 w to suffer,

st Injurers, Oppressors and desertless Fools,

ll in their brief Authority, look big

er, strut in Furs: 'tis a foul shame,

n. tis a loathsome Age, ... it has been long

bloosfumating with its Villany;

now the swelling's broken out

that most contagious Ulcers; no place free

n the destructive Pestilence of manners.

upon't, 'tis time the World should end!

B 2

Tim.

20 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Tim. Do not rail so... 'tis to little purpose.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my Morning-Let
And I'll be gone...

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenians Br

Tim. Why? That's a deed thou'lt die for,
mantus.

Apem. Yes if doing nothing be Death by the

Tim. Will nothing please thee? How dost
like this Picture?

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn
'Twill neither lie, drink, nor Whore,
Flatter a Man to his Face, and cut his Throat
Behind his back; for since false smiles, and base
Dishonour traffique with Mans nature,
He is but mere outside; your Pictures are
Even such as they give out: Oh! did you see
The insides of these Fellows minds about you,
You'd loath the base corruptions more than all
The putrid Excrements their Bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd Villain.

Tim. He hurts not us. How likest thou this?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which
not cost a Man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What Fools esteem it, it is not worth
thinking.

Lo, now the mighty use of thy great Riches!
That must set infinite value on a Bauble!
Will't keep thee warm, or satisfy thy thirst;
Or hunger? No it is comparison
That gives it value; then, thou look'st upon
Thy finger, and art very proud to think
A poor Man cannot have it: Childish pleasure!
What stretcht inventions must be found to make
Great wealth of use? Oh! that I were a Lord

THE MAN-HATER.

21

Tim. What would'st thou do ?

Apem. I would cudgel two Men a day for flattering
e, till I had beaten the whole Senate.

Phaax. Let the Villain be soundly punish'd for his
Bventious Tongue.

Tim. No, the Man is honest, 'tis his humour :
is odd, and methinks pleasant. You must dine
th me, *Apemantus*.

Apem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be an-
gry.

Apem. Yet they with all their modest simperings,
d varnish'd looks, can swallow Lords, and get
eat Bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
zors on, till a poor little Bastard steals into
e World, and tells a tale.

Enter Nicias.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome! most welcome
to my Arms!

u are the Fountain from which all my happiness
d spring! your Matchless Daughter, fair *Mellissa*.

Nic. You honour us too much, my Lord.

Tim. I cannot, she is the joy of *Athens*! the chief
delight

'Nature, the only life I live by: Oh, that her vows
ere once expir'd; it is, methinks, an Age till that
blest day

hen we shall joyn our hands and hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a Week, my Lord.

Tim. 'Tis a Thousand Years.

Apem. Thou miserable Lord, hast thou to compleat
thy Calamities, that plague of Love?
at most unmanly madness of the mind,

B 3

That

22 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

That specious Cheat, as false as Friendship is ?
Did'st thou but see how like a sniveling thing
Thou look'st and talk'st, thou would'st abhor
laugh at
Thy own admired Image.

Tim. Peace : I will hear no railing on this subject.

Apem. Oh vile corrupted time, that men should
Deaf to good Counsel, not to Flatterie.

Tim. Come, my dear Friends, let us now visit
Gardens,

And refresh our selves with some cool Wine
Fruit :

I am transported with your Visits !
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unless it be in that he can more bestow
Upon the Men he loves.

Ælius. My Noble Lord,
Who would not wed your Friendship,
Though without a Dowry ?

Isidor. Most worthy *Timon* !
Who has a Life you may not call your own ?

Phæax. We are all your Slaves.

Poet. The joy of all Mankind.

Jewel. Great spirit of Nobleness.

Tim. We must not part this day, my Friends.

Apem. So, so, crouching Slaves, Aches come
and make your supple

Joynts to wither. That there should be so little
Love among these Knaves, yet all this Courtesy
They hate and scorn each other, yet they kiss
As if they were of different Sexes : Villains, Villains !

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Evandra. Re-enter Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra* ! methinks
looks are chang'd,

clouded with some grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evand. My Lord, my Ears this Morning were
saluted with
the most unhappy News, the dismal'st story,
the only one cou'd have afflicted me;
my dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted,
with a cold sweat o'er all my Limbs.

Tim. What was it, Madam?

Evand. You speak not with the kindness you were
wont,

have been us'd to tenderer words than these:
too true, and I am miserable!

Tim. What is't disturbs you so? Too well I guess.

[*Aside.*

Evand. I hear I am to lose your Love, which was
the only Earthly Blessing I enjoy'd,
and that on which my Life depended.

Tim. No, I must ever love my Excellent *Evandra*!

Evand. *Melissa* will not suffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,
you well may'st blush at thy Ingratitude!

I so much towards thee, I ne'er shou'd show
Face without confusion: Such a guilt,
if I had destroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
thy Estate, and made thee infamous!

Love to me I cou'd prefer before
cold respects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind so far above return,
it's beyond expression.

Evand. Call to mind

of my Race I sprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth
my unspotted Fame yielded to none.

on your knees a thousand times have sworn,
that they exceeded all; and yet all these,

only Treasures a poor Maid possesseth,
offer'd to you, and rather chose

to throw my self away, than you shou'd be

24 TIMON OF ATHENS : or

Uneasie in your wishes ; since which happy ,
And yet unhappy time , you have been to me ,
My Life , my Joy , my Earth , my Heaven , my
I never had one single wish beyond you ;
Nay , every action , every thought of mine ,
How far soe'er their large Circumference
Stretcht out , yet center'd all in you : You were
My end , the only thing could fill my Mind.

Tim. She strikes me to the heart ! I would
not seen her. [4

Evand. Ah *Timon* , I have lov'd you so , that
My Eyes offended you , I with these fingers
Had pluck't 'em by the roots , and cast them from
Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was
Not yours , I with this hand would rip it open :
Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can say this ;
And yet I am not one , but you are now to marry

Tim. That I have lov'd you , you and Heaven
witness

By many long repeated acts of Love ,
And Bounty I have shew'd you...

Evand. Bounty ! ah *Timon* !

I am not yet so mean , but I contemn
Your transitory dirt , and all rewards ,
But that of Love ; your Person was the bound
Of all my Thoughts and Wishes ; in return
You have lov'd me ! Oh miserable sound !
I would you never had , or always would.

Tim. Man is not Master of his Appetites ,
Heav'n sways our mind to Love.

Evan. But Hell to falsehood :

How many thousand times y' have vow'd and sw
Eternal Love : Heav'n has not yet absolv'd
You of your Oaths to me ; nor can I ever :
My Love's as much too much as your's too little.

Tim. If you love me , you'll love my Happiness
Melissas Beauty and her Love to me

Has so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.

Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
My dear, false *Timon* swore to me, would you
Have wish't I might have found my happiness
Within anothers Arms? No, no, it is
To Love a contradiction.

Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot answer,

Evan. Besides, *Melissas* beauty
Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock;
Even modesty may praise it self when 'tis
Aspers'd; Besides her Love is mercenary,
Most mercenary, base, 'tis Marriage-Love.
She gives her person, but in vile exchange
She does demand your liberty: But I
Could generously give without mean bargaining:
I trusted to your honour, and lost mine,
Lost all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought
I should have lost my Love, and cast it on
A barren and ungrateful soil that would return no fruit.

Tim. This does perplex me, I must break it off.

[*Aside.*

Evan. The first storm of your Love did shake
me so,

It threw down all my leaves my hopeful blossoms.
Pull'd down my branches; but this latter tempest of
your hate

Strikes at my root, and I must wither now,
Like a desertless, sapless Tree: must fall...

Tim. You are secure against all injuries
While I have breath...

Evan. And yet you do the greatest.

Tim. You shall be so much Partner of my Fortune
As will secure you full respect from all,
And may support your Quality in what pomp you can
desire.

Evan. I am not of so course a Mould, or have
So gross a mind, as to partake of ought

26 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

That's yours without you...

But, oh thou too dear perjur'd Man, I con'd
With thee prefer a Dungeon, a low and loathsome
Dungeon,

Before the stately gilded fretted Roofs,
The Pomp, the Noise, the Show, the Revelling,
And all the glittering splendour of a Palace.

Tim. I by resistless fate am hurry'd on...

Evan. A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.

Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd...

Evan. It had a pre-engagement.

Tim. All the great Men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry her and to preserve my Race.

Evan. Suppose your Wife be false; (as 'tis not new
In *Athens*;) and let others graft upon
Your stock; where is your Race? weak vulgar Reason!

Tim. Her honour will not suffer her.

Evan. She may do it cunningly and keep her
honour.

Tim. Her love will then secure her; which is as
fervent...

Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long; and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian* Law
Made Love a Merchandize, to traffick hearts
For Marriage, and for Dowry, who's secure?
Now her great sign of Love is, she's content
To bind you in the strongest Chains, and to
A slavery, nought can manumize you from
But death: And I could be content to be
A Slave to you, without those vile conditions...

Tim. Why are not our desires within our power?
Or why should we be punish't for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own affections;
They're mov'd by some invisible active Pow'r,
And we are only passive, and whatever
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience

To our desires, we suffer, not commit;
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
That we must suffer first, and then be punish'd for't.

Evan. Your Philosophy is too subtle... but what
Security of Love from her can be like mine?
Is Marriage a bond of Truth, which does consist
Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those
Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
First lifted o'er the Threshold, and then
Led by my Parents to *Minervas* Temple:
No young unyoked Heifers blood was offer'd
To *Diana*; no Invocation to *Juno*, or the *Parca*:
No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
Nor was your House adorn'd with Garlands then;
Nor had I Figs thrown on my head, or lighted
By my dear Mothers Torches to your Bed.
Are these slight things, the Bonds of truth and
constancy?

I came all Love into your Arms, unmixt
With other aims; and you for this will cause my death.

Tim. I'd sooner seek my own, *Evandra*.

Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not
to *Melissa*

For I shall die to see another have
Possession of all that e'er I wish'd for on Earth.

Tim. I would I had not seen *Melissa* :...

Evan. Ah, my dear Lord, there is some comfort
left;

Cherish those noble thoughts, and they'll grow stron-
ger,

Your lawful Gratitude and Love will rise,
And quell the other Rebel-passion in you;
Use all the endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my relief, I'll die to make you happy.

Tim. You have moved me to be Womanish; pray
retire,

I will love you.

Evan.

28 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Evan. Oh happy word ! Heav'n ever blefs my
Dear ;

Farewel : but will you never fee *Meliffa* more ?

Tim. Sweet Excellence ! Retire.

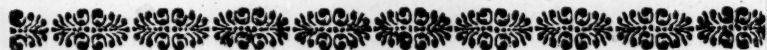
Evan I will... will you remember your *Evandra* ?

Tim. Yes, I will.

How happy were Mankind in Conftancy ,
'Twould equal us with the Celestial Spirits !
O could we meet with the fame tremblings ftill ,
Thofe panting Joys , thofe furious Defires ,
Thofe happy Trances which we found at firft ! But ,
oh !

*Unhappy Man , whose moft transporting joy ,
Feeds on fuch luscious food as foon will cloy ,
And that which fhould preferve , does it deftroy.*

[*Exit Timon.*



A C T I I.

ENTER MELISSA AND CHLOE.

Meliffa.

WHat think'ft thou , *Chloe* ? Will this Drefs be
come me ?

Chlo. Oh , moft exceedingly ! This pretty curl
Does give you fuch a killing Grace , I fwear
That all the youth at the Lord *Timons* Mask will die
for you.

Mel. No : But doft thou think fo , *Chloe* ? I love
To make thofe Fellows die for me , and I
All the while look fo fcornfully , and then with my
Head on one fide , with a languifhing Eye I do fo

Kill

THE MAN-HATER.

29

my Kill 'em again : Prithee, what do they say of me,
Chloe?

Chlo. Say ! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,

dra Their Goddesses, their Destiny, and talk of *Cupids* Flames,

And Darts, and Wounds ! Oh 'tis the rarest language,

'T would make one die to hear it ; and ever now

And then they steal some gold into my hand,

And then commend me too.

But, *Mel.* Dear Soul, do they, and do they die for me ?

Chlo. Oh yes, the finest, properest Gentlemen...

Mel. But there are not many that die for me ?
humh...

Chlo. Oh yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Thessalus*,
Eumolpides,

y. *Memnon*, and indeed all that see your Ladyship.

imon. *Mel.* I'll swear ? How is my Complexion to day ?
ha, *Chloe* ?

Chlo. O most fragrant ! 'tis a rare white wash this ;

Mel. I think it is the best I ever bought ; had I not
best

Lay on some more red, *Chloe* ?

DE. *Chlo.* A little more would do well ; it makes you
look

So pretty, and so plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this Morning in dressing.

es be *Chlo.* Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three
hours.

url *Mel.* No more ! well, if I were sure to be thus
pretty but seven

will die Years, I'd be content to die then on that condition.

Chlo. The Gods forbid.

I love *Mel.* I'll swear I would ; but dost thou think,

Timon will like me in this dress ?

Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any dress, Madam !

my fo *Mel.*

Kill

30 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Mel. Oh this vile Taylor that brought me not home my new Habit to day; he deserves the Ostracism! a Villain, To disorder me so; I am afraid it has done harm To my complexion: I have dreamt of it these two nights, And shall not recover it this Week...

Chlo. Indeed, Madam, he deserves death from your Eyes.

Mel. I think I look pretty well? Will not *Timon* Perceive my disorder?... hah...

Chlo. Oh no, but you speak as if you made this killing preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have all the Young Blades follow, kiss my hand, admire, adore me, And die for me: but I must have but one favour'd Servant; it is the Game and not the Quarry, I Must look after in the rest.

Chloe. Oh Lord, I would have as many Admirers as I could.

Mel. Ah so would I... but favour one alone. No, I am resolv'd nothing shall corrupt my honesty; Those Admirers would make one a Whore, *Chloe*, And that undoes us, 'tis our interest to be honest.

Chloe. Would they? No I warrant you, I'd fain see Any of those Admirers make me a Whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honestly and is rich...

Chloe. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*: He is the rarest Person!

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: Oh he was the beautiful'st Man, The finest wit in *Athens*, the best Companion, fullest of mirth And pleasure, and the prettiest ways he had to please Ladies,

THE MAN-HATER.

31

not He would make his Enemies rejoyce to see him.

Chloe. Why? He is all this, and can do all this still.

ain, *Mel.* Ah, but he has been long banish'd for breaking
Mercurys

e two Images, and prophaning the mysteries of *Proserpine*.
Besides, the People took his Estate from him,
And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart, I swear:
from I vow methinks I look so pretty to day, I could
Kiss my self, *Chloe.*

on *Chloe.* Oh dear Madam... I could look on you for
ever: oh

e this What a World of Murder you'll commit to day!

Mel. Dost thou think so? Ha? No, no...

have

Enter a Servant.

e me, *Serv.* The Lord *Timon*'s come to wait on you, and
d begs Admittance.

Mel. Desire his presence.

ers as

Enter Timon.

nefty; *Tim.* There is enchantment in her looks,
Chloe. A fresh I am wounded every time I see her:
t. All happinefs to beautiful *Melissa*.

ain see *Mel.* I shall want none in you, my dearest Lord.

Tim. Sweetest of Creatures, in whom all th'
Excellence

Of heav'ny Woman-kind is seen unmixt;
Nature has wrought thy mettle up without allay.

Oh he *Mel.* I have no value, but my love of you,
And that I am sure has no allay, 'tis of
so full of strong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it...

please *Tim.* Dear charming sweet, thy value is so great,
No Kingdom upon Earth should buy thee from me:

He but I have still an Enemy with you,

That

That guards me from my happiness; a Vow
Against the Law of Nature, against Love,
The best of Nature, and the highest Law.

Mel. It will be but a Week in force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole Age: in all approaching joys,
The nearer they come to us, still the time
Seems longer to us: But my, dear *Melissa*,
Why should we bind our selves with Vows and Oaths?
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,
Our Liberty's so narrow, that we need not
Find Fetters for our selves: No we should seize
On pleasure wheresoever we can find it,
Lest at another time we miss it there.

Chlo. Madam, break your Vow, it was a rash one.

Mel. Thou foolish Wench, I cannot get my thing
In order till that time; dost think I will
Be Marri'd like some vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the first offer, as if she
Were desperate of having any other.

Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your
Vow?

Mel. If any thing, one word of yours wou'd do
But how can you be once secure, I'll keep
A Vow to you, that would not to my self?

Tim. Some dreadful accident may come, *Melissa*
To interrupt our Joys; let us make sure
O' th' present minute, for the rest, perhaps,
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it shou'd, if I shou'd break a Vow
No, you shall never find a change in me;
All the fixt stars shall sooner stray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may assure you of my Love; if not,
Upon my Knees I swear...
Were I the Queen of all the Universe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to Rags and Misery,
I would not change my love to him.

Tim. And here I vow,
 Could all the frame of Nature be dissolv'd,
 Could the firm Centre shake, should Earthquakes rage
 With such a fury to disorder all
 Peaceful and agreeing Elements,
 They were huddled into their first Chaos,
 Long as I could be, I'd be the same,
 The same Adorer of *Melissa*!

Mel. This is so great a Blessing, Heav'n can't add
 to it.

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n *Melissa*, the last mark
 All my hopes and wishes; so I prize thee,
 That I cou'd die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timons.

Serv. My Lord, your Dinner's ready, and your
 Friends' Guests wait your wisht Presence: the Lord
Timon is already there.

Tim. Let's hast to wait on him, *Melissa*.

Mel. It is my duty to my Father.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants setting things in
 order for the Feast.*

Poet. His Honour will soon be here, I have
 prepar'd the Maskers; They are all ready.

Apem. How now, *Poet*? What piece of foppery
 hast thou to present to *Timon*?

Poet. Thou art a senceless snarling Stoick,
 And hast no taste of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetry's insipid, none can taste it:
 Thou art a wordy foolish Scribler, who
 writ'st nothing but high-sounding frothy stuff;
 Thou spread'st, and beat'st out thy poor little sence,

C

'Tis

34 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

'Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
Thou lov'st impertinent description,
And when thou hast a rapture, it is not
The sacred rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like Madmens thoughts, and this thou calls Poet.

You a judge! shall dull Philosophers
Of us the nimble fancies, and quick spirits of the

Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age:
Are there such eminent fopperies as in the
Poets of this time? Their most unreasonable
Are whimsical, and fantastick as Fidlers,
They are the scorn and laughter of all witty Men
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
None of you have the judgment of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phæax, and the others Self, n

Poet. You are a base snarling Critick; write
Self, do an you dare.

Apem. I confess 'tis a daring piece of valour,
Man of sence to write to an Age that like fear
spurious stuff.

Nici. What time of the day is't *Apemantus?* ito's

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That time serves alway.

Apem. Then what excuse hast thou,
That would'st thus long omit it?

Ifid. You stay to be at the Lord *Timons* Feast.

Apem. Yes, to see Meat fill Knaves, and
heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Ass to bid me farewell.

Cleon. Why so?

Apem. Because I have not so little reason
honesty to return thee one good wish for it.

THE MAN-HATER.

35

Phaax. Go hang thy self.

Pem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding, make thy
 tests to thy Friend, if there be such a Wretch on

Phaax. Be gone, unpeaceable Dog, or I will
 n thee from me.

Pem. Though I am none, I'll fly like a Dog the
 s of the Ass.

Nicias. He's opposite to all humanity...

Timon. Now we shall taste of *Timon's* bounty.

Phaax. He hath a heart brimful of kindness and
 will...

Timon. And pours it down on all his Friends, as if
 the God of Wealth were but his Steward.

Phaax. No Meed but he repays sev'n-fold above
 no gift but breeds the giver such
 as does exceed his wishes.

Timon. He bears the noblest mind that ever
 m'd Man.

Phaax. Long may he live with prosperous Fortunes
 at like fear it...

Timon. I hear a whisper, as though he fails his
 itors, even of their Interest.

Phaax. I fear it is too true...

, 'tis pitty: but he's a good Lord!

*Timon with Melissa, Chloe, Nicias, and a
 great Train with him.*

ere he comes. My Noble Lord.

Nicias. Most worthy *Timon*!

Timon. My most honour'd Lord.

Timon. You over-joy me with your presence! is there
 arth a sight so splendid, as Tables well

C 2

Fill'd

Fill'd with good and faithful Friends , like you !
 Dear *Melissa* ! be pleas'd to know my Friends :
 Oh *Apemantus* ! thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No , thou shalt not make me welcome
 I come to tell thee truth , and if thou hear'st me
 I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter. Thin
 On the ebb of your Estate , and flow of Debts ;
 How many prodigal bits do Slaves and Flatterers
 And now 'tis noble *Timon* , worthy *Timon*

Timon ;

And when the Means is gone that buys this praise
 The breath is gone whereof the praise is made.

Tim. It is not so with my Estate.

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee
 vanities.

So the Gods bless me :

When all your Offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous Feeders , when every Vault has
 With drunken spilth of Wine , when every ro
 Has blaz'd with lights , and bray'd with Minstr
 Or roaring singing Drunkards ; I have retir'd
 To my poor homely Cell , and set my Eyes
 At flow for thee , because I find something in
 Thee that might be worthy... but as thou art I
 Hate and scorn thee.

Tim. Come , preach no more , had I no E
 am rich in Friends , my Noble Friends here ,
 The dearest loving Friends that ever Man w
 with.

Nici. Oh might we have an happy opportu
 show how we love and honour you !

Ælius. That you wou'd once but use our he

Isand. We'd lay 'em out all in your service.

Pheax. Yes , all our selves ; if you'd put us
 Tryal , then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not , I know you'd serve me

I distrust my Friends ? I have often wish't
 self poorer that I might use you... We are
 to do good one to another : Friends,
 as we use 'em, are like sweet Instruments hung
 in cases : But oh, what a precious comfort
 to have so many like Brothers, commanding
 anothers Fortunes ! Trust me, my joy brings
 water to my Eyes,
Timon. Joy had the like conception in my Eyes.
Timon. Ho, ho, ho... I laugh to think
 it conceiv'd a Bastard.
Timon. What dost thou laugh for ?
Timon. To hear these smell-feasts lye and fawn so,
 only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy
 Partridge.
 e Flies, who at one cloud of winter-showers
 ld drop from off you.
Timon. Silence the Dog.
Timon. Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.
Timon. Of what vile Earth, of what mean dirt
 rd is kneaded !
Timon. The Man I think is honest, and his humour
 us not.
Timon. I would my reason wou'd do thee good,
Timon.
Timon. This is an odd snarling Fellow ; I like him.
Timon. If I could without lying, I'd say the same
 here,
Timon. Why ? Prethee what dost thou think of me ?
Timon. He'll snarl at thee,
Timon. No matter,
Timon. I think thou art a piece of white and red
 , the Picture of Vanity drawn to th' life ;
 thinking how handfome that Skull will be
 all the Flesh is off ; that face thou art
 out of, is a poor, vain, transitory thing,

38 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

And shortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him, scurvy poor Fellow.

Tim. No more of this, be not so fullen; I'll be to thee and better thy Condition.

Apem. No, I'll have nothing; should I be brib'd there would be none left to rail at thee, and thou'dst sin the faster : *Timon*, thou givest so. Thou'lt shortly give thy self away.

Tim. I'll hear no more :
Let him have a Table by himself.

Apem. Let me have some Roots and Water, Such as Nature intended for our Meat and Drink Before Eating and Drinking grew an Art.

[*The Meat is serv'd up with Kettle-Drum*

Tim. Sit, Dear *Melissa*, this is your Feast :
And all you see is yours :

And all that you can wish for shall be so.

Come, sit Lords, no Ceremony,
That was devis'd at first to set a gloss
On feigned deeds, and hollow hearted Welcom
Recanting Goodness, sorry e'er 'tis shown :
True Friendship needs 'em not; you're more weary
To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me.

[*Trust*

Will you not have some Meat, *Apemantus*?

Apem. I scorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; I should ne'er flatter ye : Ye Gods, what a number of Men eat *Timon* ! and yet he sees 'em not, It grieves me to see so many dip their meat In one Man's Bloud ; and all the madness is He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't ; I wonder Men dare trust themselves with Men ; Methinks they should invite them without Knives. 'Twere safer far. That Fellow that sits next him Now parts Bread with him, pledges his Breath

divided Draught, may next day kill him.
 things have been. If I were a Huge Man
 I'd be afraid to drink at meals,
 hey shou'd spy my Wind-Pipes dang'rous places.
 Men should drink with Harnes on their Throats.
 n. Now my Lords, let *Melissas* health go round.
 ius. Let it flow this way...

[*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets sound.*

em. How this pomp shows to a little Oyl and
 Roots?
 ater, healths will make thee and thy State look ill.
 Drink. Peace, Villain.
 em. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
 Drums. honest Water ne'er left man i' th' mire,
 Tru. and my Roots will still keep down
 east; wcy and presumptuous Flesh,
 t never shall get the better of me...

Apemantus Grace.

Welcom
 n: mortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,
 ore weay for no Man but my self,
 o me. nt I may never be so fond
 [*Trust Man on his Oath or Bond;*
 us? i Harlot for her weeping,
 k me: Dog that seems a sleeping,
 a num: Gaoler with my freedom,
 my Friends if I shou'd need'em.
 en, Amen, and so fall to't,
 is at Men sin, and I eat Root.

Men; good may't do thee, good *Apemantus*.
 Knives. Our Noble Lord *Timons* health; let it go
 ext him round,
 reath rums and Trumpets sound. [*Kettle Drums, &c.*
 m. What madness is the pomp, the noise the
 splendor,
 C 4 The

40 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

The frantick Glory of this foolish life!
We make our selves Fools, to disport our selves
And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes
Of Folly and of Madnefs, these fill up
The Scenes and empty spaces of our lives.
Life's nothing but a meer dull repetition,
A vain fantastick dream, and there's an end on

Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends,
to you,
You that are of the Council of four hundred,
In the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours must govern all the
cil,
And any thing in *Athens*.

Tim. I speak chiefly
To you my Lord and Father; and to *Phaax*.

Phaax. My good Lord command me to m
and I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades*
(Whose Enemies you have been, and whose
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens* :

Not openly because he will not trust
The Insolence of the tumultuous Rabble.
If he sollicites his recalment with you,
'There lives not on this Earth a Man that has
Deserv'd so well from the Nobility :

He has preserv'd *Athens* ev'n in his Exile;
By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from
The *Lacedaemonian* Rage, and other Foes
That might have laid this City low in ashes.

How many famous Battles has he won?
But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his absence he has wrested
The Government from the insulting Vulgar,
Whose Wisdom's Blindness, and whose Po
Madnefs :

THE MAN-HATER.

41

And plac'd it in your noble Hands; methinks
You in return should take off his hard Sentence
Of Banishment, and render back all his Estate.

Phæax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us

That we would disobey?

Nici. I am absolutely yours in all Commands.

Ælius. How proud am I that I can serve Lord
Timon!

Apem. Think'st thou thy self thy Countries Friend
now, *Timon?*

His foul Riot and his inordinate Lust,
His wavering Passions, and his headlong Will,
His selfish Principles, his contempt of others,
His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonness,
The Rage and Madness of his Luxury
Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake, as thy own
Will soon make thine.

Isid. Hang him we'll never mind him.

Isand. When will he speak well of any Man?

Apem. When I can find a Man that's better than
A Beast, I will fall down and worship him,

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
Is the Masque ready?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childish folly Slaves find out
To please and court all thy distemper'd Appetites!
They spend their flatteries to devour those Men
Upon whose Age they'll void it up agen
With poysonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not deprav'd, or else depraves?
Who die that bear not some spurns to their Graves
Of their Friends giving? I should fear that those
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one day stamp on me: it has been done,

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I'll hear no more... be gone.

C 5

Apem.

42 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Apem. Thou may'st be sure I will not stay to see
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember
Thou would'st not hear me, thou wilt curse thy self
for't.

Tim. I do not think so... fare thee well.

[*Exit. Apemantus.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are some Ladies masqu'd
desire admittance.

Tim. Have not my doors been always open to
Ev'ry *Athenian*? They do me honour,
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades*.

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how shall I love him,
When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country?
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I shall chuse him first of any Man;
How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra with Ladies Masked.

Tim. Ladies, you do my House and me great
honour;

I should be glad you would unmask, that I
Might see to whom I ow the Obligation.

Lad. We ask your Pardon, we are stoln out
upon Curiosity; and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleasure, Ladies, shall be mine.

Evan. Is this the fine gay thing so much admir'd;
That's born to rob me of my happiness,
And of my Life? her Face is not her own,
Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so:

Her

THE MAN-HATER. 43.

Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all;
 There's nothing natural : She always acts
 And never shews her self; How blind is Love
 That cannot see this Vanity ! [*Masque begins.*

Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the Chirping of Birds.

Nymph. *Hark how the Songsters of the Grove
 Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
 Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
 With Loves great praises fills the Air,*

Chorus. *On ev'ry side the charming sound
 Does from the hollow Woods rebound.*

Ritornella.

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires
 Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires :
 While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
 These pretty couples love and sing.*

Chorus *But Winter puts out their desire,
 with Flutes. And half the year they want Loves fire.*

Ritornella.

Full. *But ah how much are our delights more dear*
 Chorus. *For only Humane Kind love all the year.*

Enter the Menades and Ægipanes.

Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deitie
 A greater we adore,
 Bacchus, who always keeps us free
 From that blind childish power.*

Bach. *Love makes you languish and look pale,
 And sneak, and sigh, and whine;
 But over us no griefs prevail,
 While we have lusty Wine.*

Chorus

Her

44 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Chorus
with
Hoy-Boy. } Then hang the dull Wretch who has care
in his soul,
Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Law
can controul,
If within his right hand he can have
full Bowl.

Nymph. Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine
Your swell'd faces with Pimples adorning
Soak your Brains over night and your Senses
resign,
And forget all you did the next Morning.
With dull aking Noddles live on in a mist,
And never discover true Joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could
not resist,
The Empire he slights he'd destroy.

1 Bach. Better our heads, than hearts should ache,
His childish Empire we despise;
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be wise.
Better, &c.

2 Bach. Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,
And takes the Terrour off from War:
To Loves afflictions it gives ease,
And to its Joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.

Nymph. 'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,
The end of Wealth and Power is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.

Bach. 'Tis Wine that revels in their Veins,
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
Provokes low Pens to lofty strains,
And makes the young Loves Chains destitute.

Ritornella
Nymph

THE MAN-HATER.

45

*Nymphs and Shepherds. Love rules the World.
Maenades and Ægipanes. 'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.
Nymphs and Shepherds. 'Tis Love, 'tis Love.
Maenades and Ægipanes. 'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter Bacchus and Cupid.

*Bacchus. Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,
And we together rule Mankind.*

*General Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will
Chorus. join*

*To sound the loud praises of Love and good
Wine.*

*Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes
Wine go down;*

*And by Love and good Drinking, all the
World is our own.*

*Tim. 'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd, and
I'll reward you well: let us retire into my next Apart-
ment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you,
and where I will distribute some small Presents, to
testifie my Love and Gratitude.*

Pheax. A noble Lord!

Ælius. Bounty it self.

*Tim. Thus, my Melissa, will we always spend
Our time in Pleasures; but who e'er enjoys thee, has
all this life affords sum'd up in that.*

*Evan. These words did once belong to me, but Oh!
My stubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?*

*Tim. Ladies I hope you'll honour me with your
presence, and accept of a Collation.*

Lady. We ask your pardon, and must leave you.

Tim. Demetrius, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd speak with you alone.

*Tim. Be pleas'd, Madam, to retire with your
Father,*

46 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Father, I'll wait on you instantly. [To Melissus]

[Exeunt all but Timon and Evandra]

Who are you, Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her last leave of you.

Tim. *Evandra!* What confusion am I in!

Evan. I am sorry in the midst of all your joys
I should disturb you thus : I had a mind
To see you once before I dy'd; I ne'er
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear these killing words.

Evan. They'll be my last, and therefore give 'em
room :

I am hastning to my death, then you'll be happy,
I ne'er shall interrupt your joys again,
Unless the Memory of me should make
You drop some tears upon my dust. I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you so, that she cou'd die to make
You happy.

Tim. Ah dear *Evandra!* that would make
Me wretched far below all misery;
I'd rather kill my self than hear that news:
I call the Gods to witness, there's not one
On Earth I more esteem.

Evan. Esteem! alas!

It is too weak a Cordial to preserve
My fading Life, I see your Passion's grown
Too headstrong for you. Oh, my dearest *Timon!*
I, while I have any breath, must call you so;
Had you but made one struggle for my sake,
And striven against the raging fury of
Your fatal Love, I should have dy'd contented.
But Oh! false to your self, to all my hopes,
And me, you suckt the subtile poyson in
So greedily, you would not stay to taste it.

Tim. She moves me strongly; I have found from her

The

THE MAN-HATER.

47

The truest and the tenderest Love that e'er
Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the disease
T' admit a Cure : I will perswade no longer ;
Death is my remedy , and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk no more of Death : I'll love you still :
I can love two at once , trust me I can.

Evan. No , *Timon* , I will have you whole , or
nothing :

I love you so , I cannot live to see

That dear , that most ador'd Person in anothers Arms :

My Love's too nice , 'twill not be fed with crumbs ,
And broken meat , that falls from your *Melissa*.

No , dear false Man , you soon shall be at rest ,
came but to receive a parting Kifs :

You'll not deny me that ?

Tim. I'll not part with you ; we'll be Friends for
ever.

Evan. No , no , it cannot be , forgive this trouble ,
ince 'tis the last , I'll never see you more ;

and may *Melissa* ever love you , as

the Excellence of your Form deserves ; and may

he please you longer than th' unfortunate

vandra could.

Tim. *Aside.* Gods ! Why should I not love this
Woman best ?

he has deserv'd beyond all measure from me ;

he's beautiful , and good as Angels are ;

at I have had her stock of Love already.

Timon ! the most accursed Charm , that thus perverts me !

Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.

Evan. I'll have but one last look of that bewitching
ce that ruin'd me. Oh , I could devour it with my

yes : but I'll remove it from thee. I ne'er shall die
contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee satisfaction.

Evan. No , dearest Enemy , I'll remove the guilt
From

From thee, and thus I'll place it on my self.

[Offers to stab her]

Tim. Hold dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'st my life
Preserve thy own; for here I swear, that minute
When thou attemptst thy life, I will lose mine.
Where's *Diphilus*?

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
Sh' attempts not any mischief on her self:
She's agitated by a dang'rous Passion.
My dear, let *Diphilus* wait on thee home:
As soon as e'er my Company is gone,
I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evan. No, no: I cannot hope... farewell for

[Ex. *Diph.* and *E*]

Tim. I must resolve on something for her comfort
For th' Empire of the Earth I wou'd not lose her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love, or Beauty...
O miserable state of humane life!
We slight all the injoyments which we have;
And those things only value which we have not.
Where is *Demetrius*?

Dem. My Lord!

Tim. Where is the Casket which I spoke for?

Dem. It is here, my Lord; I beg your Lordship
hear me speak.

I have business that concerns you nearly...

Tim. Some other time; of late thou dost perplex
Each moment with the hateful name of business,
That mortal Foe to pleasure; I'll not hear it.

[Exit *Tim.*]

Dem. So! all now is at an end!
He does command us to provide great gifts.

dall out of an empty Coffer.

his promises fly so beyond his 'state ;
 at what he speaks is all in Debt ; He owes
 every word ; His Land is all engag'd ,
 Money gone ; would I were gently turn'd
 out of my Office ; lest he shou'd borrow all
 have gotten in his service. Well !

*Happier is he that has no Friend to feed ,
 Than such who do even Enemies exceed .*

[*Exit Demet.*

A C T I I I .

for TIMON and DEMETRIUS.

Timon.

Demetrius ! How comes it
 That I have been thus incounter'd
 with clamorous demands of broken Bonds ,
 and the unjust detention of Money long since due ?
 how I was in debt , but did not think
 I'd gone so far ; wherefore before this time
 you not lay my 'state fully before me ?
Dem. You would not hear me.
 many times I brought in my Accounts ,
 and perple'd 'em before you... you would throw 'em off ,
 and say , you found 'em in my Honesty .
 I've beyond good manners , pray'd you often
 to hold your hand more close , and was rebuk'd for't .
Tim. You should have prest it further.

D

Dem.

50 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Dem. What e'er I durst I did, it was my interest
For if my Lord be poor, what then must I be?
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof.
O my good Lord, the World is but a Word,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. Have you no Money in the Treasury?

Dem. Not enough to supply the Riot of
meals.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;
And some already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will scarce pay present dues;
The future come apace.

Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my Land extend.

Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept
To think what it would come to.

Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt hon-

Dem. It grieves me to consider 'mongst
Parasites

And trencher Friends your wealth has been divid-
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles. I never could be heard.

Tim. Come, preach no more, thou soon
find that I

Have not misplac'd my Bounty; why dost weep?
I am rich in Friends and can use all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee speak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You soon shall see how you mistake
Fortune.

Now I shall try my Friends. Who waits there?

THE MAN-HATER.

51

Enter three Servants.

Serv. My Lord!

1. Go you to *Phaax* and to *Cleon*,

2. *Isander* and *Ælius*,

3. *Isidore* and *Thrasillus*.

Send me to their loves, and let them know,

That my occasions make me use 'em

Supply of Money. Let thy request

My Talents, from each Man.

Serv. We will, my Lord.

1. Thou *Demetrius*, shalt go to the Senate,

Whom, even to the States best health, I have de-

ferred this hearing. Petition them to send me 500.

Serv.

2. I must obey. The next room's full of impor-

Slaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em.

[*Ex. Dem.*

3. What! must my doors b' oppos'd against

My passage?

Have I been ever free, and those been open

Athenians to go in and out

At my own pleasure? My Porter at my Gate

Kept Man out, but smil'd and did invite

Me past by it, in, and must he be

Kept out, and my House my Prison! no,

I despair: my Friends will never fail me.

[*Exit.*

Scene is the Porch, or Cloister of the Sun

Apemantus speaking to the people and several

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base
 fies of

Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious.
 Behold the poorest miserable Wretch
 Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all
 Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery,
 The fool will find out something to be proud of.

Ælius. This is all railing.

Apem. When you deserve my precepts,
 have 'em,

Mean while, If I'll be honest, I must rail at

Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him

Phaax. Our Government is too remiss in
 giving the Licence of Philosophers, Orators
 Poets.

Apem. Show me a mighty Lordling who's
 And swells with the opinion of his greatness;
 He's an Ass. For why does he respect himself
 But to make others do it? wretched Ass!

By the same means he seeks respect, he loses
 Mean thing! does he not play the Fool, and

And drink, and void his excrements and stink
 Like other Men, and die and rot so too?

What then shou'd it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord

And that's a word some other Men cannot

Prefix before their names: what then? A word

That it was born to, and then it could not help

Or if 't was made a Lord, perhaps it was

blindness or partiality i' th' Government.

desert, he loses it in Pride;

never's proud of his good deeds, performs

for himself; himself shou'd then reward

perhaps he's rich. 'Tis a million to one

was Villany in the getting of that dirt;

he has the Nobility to have Knaves for his
Ancestors.

Hang thee thou snarling Rascal; the Go-
vernment's to blame in suffering thee to rail so

The Government's to blame in suffering

ings I rail at. In suffering Judges without Beards,

w; Secretaries that can't write; Generals that

not fight; Ambassadors that can't speak fence;

heads to be great Ministers, and lord it over

Men, suffering great Men to sell their Country

thy bribes; old limping Senators to sell their Souls

the Extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent; and

Orators to Pimp for their own Daughters. Ruine

phans, Treachery, Murther, Rapes, Incests,

series, and Unnatural sins, fill all your dwelling:

the shame of Government, and not my railing.

himself hardn'd foreheads, and fear'd hearts! 'Tis a

s! and infirm Government, that is so froward it

the lofess bear Mens words.

Well, babling, Philosophical Rascal, we

make you tremble one day.

{ Enter Timons

Never;

{ 3 Servants.

a Lord great Man! it is not in your power:

not Man no more than I can love him.

A world better for us that wild Beasts possess

Empire of the Earth, they'd use Men better,

these do one another. They'd ne'er prey

an but for necessity of Nature:

54 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Man undoes Man in wantonness and sport :
Brutes are much honefter than he ; my Dog
When he fawns on me is no Courtier ,
He is in earnest ; but a Man shall smile ,
And with my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me , say'st thou ?

I Serv. Yes ! he says he's proud he has occa
make use of you.

Cleon. It's come to that ?

Unfortunate Man ! I have not half a Talent by
here are other Lords can do it. I honour
that if he will , I'll sell my Land for him ; but
excuse me to him , I am in great haste at this time , and

[Exit]

I Serv. 'Tis as I thought. How Monstrous
deform'd a thing is base Ingratitude ! Here's
My Lord ?

Phaax. Oh ! one of Lord Timons Men ?
warrant you. Why this hits right. I Dream
Silver Bason and Ewer to - night. How do
honourable , compleat , free-hearted Gentlemen
very bountiful good Lord ?

I Serv. Well in his health , my Lord.

Phaax. I am heartily glad : What hast thou
thy Cloak , honest youth ?

I Serv. An empty Box , which by my
Command ,

I come to entreat your Honour to supply
With fifty Talents he has instant need of.
He bids me say he does not doubt your Friend

Phaax. Hum ! not doubt it ! alas , good
He's a noble Gentleman ! had he not kept so
House , 'twould have been better : I've often
with him , and told him of it , and come
Supper for that purpose to have him spend
'twould not do : I am sorry for't : but good
art hopeful and of good parts.

THE MAN-HATER.

55

1 Serv. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.
Phaax. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due. Thou
 now'st what's reason; and canst use thy time well,
 the time use thee well... 'Tis no time to lend Money:
 thou are wise, here's Money for thee... good Lad
 wink at me and say thou saw'st me not.

1 Serv. Is't possible the World should differ so,
 and we alive that liv'd in't?

Apem. What art thou sent to invite those Knaves
 again

to Feast with thy Luxurious Lord?

1 Serv. No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for
 this time, and this Lord has given me this, to say, I did
 [Exit to see him.

Apem. Is't come to that already?
 Here's a slavish *Phaax*, thou of the Nobility!
 let molten Coin be thy damnation.

Phaax. Peace, Dog.

Apem. Thou worse! thou Trencher-fly, thou
 flatterer,

thou hast *Timons* meat still in thy gluttonous paunch,
 and dost deny him Money. Why should it thrive,
 and turn to nutriment when thou art poison?

2 Serv. My Noble Lord.

Isand. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my noblest
 friend?

2 Serv. May it please your honour, he has sent...

Isand. Hah... what has he sent? I am so much
 oblig'd to him, he's ever sending. How shall I thank
 him? Hah! what has he sent?

2 Serv. He has sent me to tell you he has occasion
 for your Friendship; he has instant need of fifty
 talents...

Isand. Is that the business? Hah! I know his ho-
 nour is but merry with me, he cannot want as many
 good Laurels.

2 Serv. Yes, he wants fifty, but is assured of
 D 4 your

56 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

your Honours Friendship.

Ifand. Thou art not sure in earnest ?

2 Serv. Upon my life I am.

Ifand. What an unfortunate Wretch am I ?

To disfurnish my self upon so good a time ,
When I might have shown how much I love
And honour him : This is the greatest affliction

E'er fell upon me : the Gods can witness for me
I was just sending to my Lord my self.

I have no power to serve him , my heart bleeds
I hope his honour will conceive the best.

Beast that I am , that the first good occasion
Shou'd not be in my power to use ; I beg
A thousand pardons... Tell him so...

Apem. Thou art an Excellent Summer Friend
How often hast thou dipt i' th' dish with him ?

He has been a Father to thee with his purse ,
Supported thy Estate ; when e'er thou drink'st ,
His Silver kisses thy base Lips , thou rid'st
Upon his Horses , lye'st on his Beds.

Ifand. Peace , or I'll knock thy brains out.

[*Ex.*

2 Serv. My Lord *Thrasillus*...

Thra. He's come to borrow , I must shun him
I hope your Lord is well.

2 Serv. Yes , my Lord , and has sent me...

Thra. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great ha
But I'll wait on him if I can possible. [*Ex.*

Apem. Good Fool , go home.

Dost think to find a grateful Man in *Athens* ?

3 Serv. If my Lords occasions did not press
much , I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he send to me ? I am
There's *Phaax* , *Cleon* , *Ifidore* , *Thrasillus* ,
Ifander , and many Men that owe their Fortune
him.

3 Serv. They have been toucht and found
Mettle.

THE MAN-HATER. 57

Ælius. Have they deni'd him; and must you come to me? must I be his last refuge? 'Tis a great slight, must I be last fought to? He might have consider'd who I am.

3 Serv. I see he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the first that e'er receiv'd gift from him, And I will keep it for his honours sake; But at present I cannot possibly supply him: Besides, my Father made me swear upon His Death, I never should lend any Money. I've kept the Oath ever since. Fare thee well.

[*Ex. Ælius.*]

3 Serv. They all fly us!

Apem. The Barbarous Herd of mankind shun one in affliction, and turn him out as deer to one that's hunted. Go, go home to thy fond Lord, and bid him Curse himself that would not hear me: bid him live on root and water, and know himself; for he had better have shun'd Mankind than be deserted by them.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

[*Ex.*]

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

Mel. Who could have thought *Timon* so lost i' th' World?

With what amazement will the news of this So sudden alteration be receiv'd By all *Athenians*?

Chloe. Is it for certain true?

Mel. Certain as Death or Fate! my Father has assur'd me of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all his ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will swallow him. 'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll stand upon my Guard.

58 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below desires Acquaintance.

Mel. See *Chloe*, if it be the Lord *Timon*, or one from him, say I am not well. I will not be seen. Be sure I be not.

Chloe. I warrant you. [*Ex. Chloe*]

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, base Poverty never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades* rec'd, he would adore me still, and wou'd be rich too.

Enter Alcibiades in disguise, and Chloe.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in disguise, I know him.

Alcib. But my *Melissa* does. [*Pulls off his Disguise*]

Mel. My *Alcibiades*! my Hero!

The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
And have Crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt my welcome

To me than the return of the Suns heat
Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darkn

Alcib. My Joy, my Life, my Blood, my Soul,
my Liberty,

And all that's precious on the Earth, I have
Within my Arms: This Treasure far outweighs
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance
From banishment or slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy Victories!
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I Triumph'd for thee
All day I sigh'd and wish'd, and pray'd for thee,
And in the Night thou entertain'd'st my Sleeps;
And whensoever I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams I w
Valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

THE MAN-HATER.

59

Alcib. Oh my Divine *Melissa*! the Cordial of thy love is of so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me: one kiss and take my Soul; another and 'twill fall out; Oh, I could fix whole Ages on thy tender Lip; and pity all the Fools that keep a senseless Pother in the World for pow'r, and Pomp, and Noise, and lose substantial blifs.

Mel. There is no blifs but love; and but for that the World would fall in Pieces! Oh with what a grief have I sustain'd thy absence! had not my Father prevented my Escape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens*' safety that thou did'st not;

I had neglected all my Conquests, which Preserved this base ungrateful Town; for I In thee shou'd have all that I fought for; Thou Would'st have been life, Liberty, Country, and Estate to me.

Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wishes, If the ungrateful Senate let me keep thee.

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes

They soon would call me home to thee.

It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul, At every stroke the Memory of *Melissa* Gave Vigour to my Arm, and made me Conquer.

Mel. Oh, let Ambition never more disturb Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it. Let not the noise of Drums and Trumpets clangor, Clashing of Arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans Of bleeding Men, entice thee from me.

Alcib. The Senate shall not dare remove me from thee.

Should they once offer it, I've an Army will Toss their usurious bags about their Ears, Rife their Houses, deflour their Wives and Daughters, And dash their brains out of their doating heads.

But,

But, dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long
Have been united, let's not stay for Friends,
For Ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above senseless formalities.

Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none shall invade my ver
Without my Life: but on my Knees I vow
No other Man, though Crown'd the Emperour
Of all the World, should ever have my love:
And though thy Country basely should desert thee, Oh *Dem*
I would continue firm.

Alcib. And here I swear,
That could I Conquer all the Universe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear,
An Oath more sacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities which Knaveish Priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire: my Father has not yet forg
ten his Enmity; the breaking of the Peace with *May cat*
Lacedæmonians, and his foil which he thinks y *And so i*
caus'd in *Sicily*, he'll not forgive. *After dis*

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all sufferance, *With ce*
would have forgiven him for begetting thee. *They fr*

[*Exeu Tim.*

Enter Timon and Servant.

Tim. Is't possible? Deserted thus? What lar
professions did all these make but yesterday? Did the
all refuse to lend, say you?

Serv. The rumour of your borrowing was soo
Disperst, and then at sight of one of us
They would stop, start, turn short, pass by, or seen
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;

And

THE MAN-HATER. 61

And who suspected not, when they were mov'd,
Came off with base excuses.

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon*? I'll
go to 'em my self, they will not have the face to use
me so.

Enter Demetrius.

Demetrius! what news bring'st thou from the
Senate?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Just Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at ebb, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry; you are Honour-
able;

But yet they could have wish'd; they know not
what;

Something has been amiss; a noble nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity;
And so intending other Serious matters,
After distastful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half caps and cold careless Nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villainy, old Men
Have their ingratitude natural to 'em;
Their Blood is cak'd and cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel;
And Nature as it grows again toward Earth
Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav'n keep my Wits! or is't a Blessing to be mad?

Demetrius, follow me; I'll try 'em all my self.

Dem. The Senate is assembling again,

You'll find 'em in the Senate-House.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

And

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers , Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now, what makes this swarm
Rascals here?

Each looking big, and with the visage of demand.

1 Cred. We wait for certain Sums of Money due.

Dem. If Money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would smile and cringe, and fawn upon him
And swallow the interest down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon and Servants.

Tim. If *Melissa* be at home, tell her I'll wait
her suddenly.

1 Cred. Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.

2 Cred. Here's mine.

3 Cred. And mine.

4 Cred. My Masters.

Tim. Hold, hold, my Wits. Knock me down
cleave me to the waste. What would you have, ye
Harpys?

1 Cred. We ask our due.

Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.

4 Cred. My Masters is thirty Talents.

Tim. Tell it out of my Blood.

2 Cred. Five thousand Crowns is mine.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours, and yours?

3 Cred. My Lord.

1 Cred. My Lord.

Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces will you
The Gods consume, confound, and rot you all.

1 Cred. What a Devil, is he mad?

2 Cred.

THE MAN-HATER.

63

Cred. Mercy on us, let us be gone.

Cred. Let's go, he'll murder some of us.

Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me.

es, Creditors, Dogs! preserve my Wits, you Gods.

Dem. My Lord, be patient; passion mends it not.

[*Lampridius crosses the stage and shuns Timon,*

Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of

on. His Father dead since, and he rich;

g, the Villain shuns me.

Enter Phæax.

my good Friend *Phæax*.

Phæax. Oh my Lord... I am glad to see your Lordship.

ait we a sudden occasion calls me hence,

wait on you instantly.

[*Ex. Phæax.*

Enter Cleon.

ord.

eon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to see an serve your Lordship in the Command

iv'd from you by your Servant. [*Ex. Cleon.*

m. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has wel at this moment on, which I presented him, me three thousand Crowns.

m. You'll find 'em all like these.

m. There are not many sure so bad.

ave I lov'd these Men, and shewn 'em kindness, they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!

Enter

64 TIMON OF ATHENS: or

Enter Diphilus seeing Timon, muffles his Face, and turns away.

Look, is not that my Servant *Diphilus*, who marry'd to the Old Mans Daughter, and gave her Estate too; and now he hides himself, and is from me? How much is a Dog more generous than a Man; oblige him once, he'll keep you Company ev'n in your utmost want and misery.

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius*? My Lord... *Ælius*! *Demetrius*, go let him know *Timon* would speak With him... [*Dem. goes to him, he turns away.*]
Do you not know me, *Ælius*?

Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon*!

Tim. Think you I have the Plague?

Ælius. No, my Lord.

Tim. Why do you shun me then?

Ælius. I shun you? I'd serve your Lordship for my life.

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuse Money, wou'd Venture his life for me.

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in Power to supply you; but I am going to the Sun to a Debtor, if I receive any, your Lordship shall command it. [*Exit.*]

Tim. Had I so lately all the Caps and Crowns of *Athens*? And is't come to this? Brains hold a

Enter Thrasillus.

Thras. Who's there? *Timon*?

Tim. There's another Villain.

THE MAN-HATER.

65

Enter Ifander.

How is't, *Ifander* ?

Ifander. Oh Heav'n ! *Timon* !

Tim. What, did I fright you ? Am I become so
adful an Object ? is poverty contagious ?

Ifander. Your Lordship ever shall be dear to me.

makes me weep to think I cou'd not serve you

when you sent your Servant. I am expected at the
Senate.

umblly ask your pardon ; I'll sell all I have

t I'll supply you soon. [*Ex. Ifander.*

Tim. Smooth Tongue , dissembling , weeping

Knave , farewell.

d farewell all Mankind ! It shall be so... *Demetrius* !

to all these fellows. Tell 'em I'm supply'd, I have no

ed of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good

formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal ,

d invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord , there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean ? [*Ex. Demetrius.*

Tim. I have one reserve can never fail me ,

I while *Melissa*'s kind I can't be miserable ;

e it has a vast Fortune in her own disposal.

e the Sun will sooner leave his course

d than the desert me.

Ex.

Kn

dal

Enter first Servant.

Melissa at home ?

Serv. She is , my Lord ; but will not see you.

Tim. What does the Rascal say ?

Run and Villain to belye her so ? [*Strikes him.*

Serv. By Heav'n 'tis truth. She says she will not
see you.

E

Her

66 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Her Woman told me first so. And when I would Believe her, she came and told me so her self; That she had no business with you; desir'd you not trouble her; she had affairs of Consequence

Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art false indeed; from all thy hopes of Happiness. Earth, open and swallow the Most miserable wretch that thou ever bear.

Enter Melissa.

1 Serv. My Lord, *Melissa's* Passing by.

Tim. Oh Dear *Melissa*!

Mel. Is he here? What luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? Not seem *Timon*?

And did not you send me word so?

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy and am so now; I must go to my Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not *Melissa* said; If *Timon* were to rags and misery, and she were Queen of the Universe, she would not change her love?

Mel. We can't command our wills; Our fate must be obey'd.

Tim. Some Mountain cover me, and let my name be never heard of more. O stragling Senses whither are you going? Farewel, and may we never meet again.

Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me! I've been ungrateful to her, why should I Blame Villains who are so to me?

Evan. Oh *Timon*! I have heard and felt all your afflictions;

THE MAN-HATER.

67

ought I never shou'd have seen thee more ;
 ever would , had'st thou continu'd prosperous.
 also *Mellissa* basely fly from thee ,
Evandra is not made of that course stuff.

m. Oh turn thy Eyes from an ungrateful Man !

van. No , since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*
 have been fixt upon thee present , and when
 it I've each moment view'd thee in my mind ,
 shall they now remove ?

m. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif? Who
 such a load of misery beyond
 strength of humane nature to support ?

van. I am no base Athenian Parasite ,
 y from thy Calamities ; I'll help to bear 'em.

m. Oh my *Evandra* , they're not to be born.
 rsed *Athens* ! Forest of two-legg'd Beasts ;
 ue , Civil War , and Famine be thy Lot :
 ropagation cease , that none of thy
 ounding spurious wretched Brood may spring
 ffect and damn succeeding Generations.

every Infant like the Viper gnaw
 sage through his Mothers cursed Womb ,
 kill the Hag ; or if they fail of it ,
 then the Mothers like fell rav'nous Bitches
 our their own base Whelps.

van. *Timon* ! compose thy thoughts , I know
 thy wants ,

[*Ex* that thy Creditors like wild Beasts wait
 my rey upon thee ; and base *Athens* has
 s Eternal Infamy deserted thee.

ny unwearied bounty to *Evandra*
 so which'd her , she in wealth can vie
 any of th' extorting Senators ,
 comes to lay it at thy feet.

m. Thy most amazing generosity o'erwhelms me ;
 vers me all o'er with shame and blushes.
 a hast oblig'd a wretch too much already ,

68 TIMON OF ATHENS : or ,

And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra*
I have rage and madness, and I shall infect thee
Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
Oh that the World were all on fire!

Evandra. O my dear Lord! this sight will break
heart

Take comfort to you, let your Creditors
Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough
Let us retire together and live free
From all the smiles and frowns of humane kind
I shall have all I wish for, having thee.

Timon. My senses are not sound, I never can
Deserve thee: I have us'd thee scurvily.

Evandra. No, my dear *Timon*, thou hast not
Comfort thy self, if thou hast been unkind,
Forgive thy self, and I forgive thee for it.

Timon. I never will;
Nor will I be obliged to one,
I have treated so injuriously as her...

Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; strive
pose your self. All that I have was and is
with it ne'er had been, that yet I might have
by stronger proofs how much I love my *Timon*

Timon. Most Excellent of all the whole Creation
Thou art too good that thou should'st e'er part
Of my misfortunes...

And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em.
Prithee, *Evandra*, go to thy own House, I
to give my flatt'ring Rogues an Entertainment
such a one as shall besit 'em; and then I'll seek

Evandra. Heav'n ever bless my Dear.

[*Ex. Timon and Evandra*]

THE MAN-HATER. 69

Phæax, Cleon, Isander, Isidore, Thrasillus,
Ælius.

Phæax. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward
w'd me his condition was near as good as ever.

Isander. That I doubt... but 'tis well at present
his new feasting.

Ælius. I am sorry I was not furnish'd when he sent
me.

Isidore. I am sick of that grief, now I see how all
things go.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. Oh! my kind Friends! how is it with you all?
How I rejoyce to see you! Come, serve in Dinner.

Phæax. My noble Lord! never so well as when
your Lordship is so.

Ælius. I am sick with shame that I should be so
fortunate a Beggar when you sent to me.

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal;
I have no need of any sums; my Estate is in good
health still.

Phæax. Tryal, my good Lord? Would any one
see your Lordship, were it in his power? Com-
mend half my Estate! I am sorry I was so in haste. I
did not stay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills
now; Pray use me... I hope he will not take
at my word.

[*Aside.*

Isander. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord that I
did not serve you. Now my Lord command me...

Tim. I beseech you do not think on't:
I love you all, all of ye.

E 3

Phæax.

Pheax. Equal with our selves, my dear Lord

Thrasil. If you had sent but two hours before to

Cleon. Now I have Money pray command it

Tim. No more, for Heav'ns sake; think
distrust

My kind good Friends! you are the best of Friends

My Fortune ne'er shall drive me from you, and

mine fail, which I hope it never will, I know

command all yours.

Pheax. I shall think my self happy enough
would but command my utmost Drachma.

Ælius. That were honour indeed; to serve

Timon,

I would with Life and Fortune.

Isand. Alas! who would not be proud of it

Isid. Not a Man in Athens.

Cleon. There's no foot of my Estate your
may not call your own.

Thrasil. Nor mine, my noble Lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy Friends. Whom
kind, such hearty Friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd Dishes.

Isand. Royal cheer I warrant you.

Pheax. Doubt not of that; if money or
The Season can afford it.

Isid. The same good Lord still.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's fit
not a City Feast, to let the meat cool e'er we
upon our Places.

THE GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves proud
your own gifts, base ungrateful Man will
it of himself. Reserve still to give, lest your Deeds
despis'd; were your Godheads to borrow of Men

THE MAN-HATER. 71

*ould forfake ye. Make the meat be lov'd more than the
an that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without
score of Villains. If there be twelve Women let a
zen of 'em be W... as they are. Confound, I beseech
all, the Senators of Athens, together with the
common people : What is amiss make fit for destruction.
r these my present Friends, as they are to me nothing,
in nothing blest them, and to nothing are they wel-
ne, but Toads and Snakes; A Feast fit for such
ughomous Knaves.*

Phaax. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold.

fit u knot of mouth Friends, Vapours, Lukewarm
Knaves;

r list smiling, smooth detested Parasites,

urteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,

u Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,

hol p and Knee Slaves; an everlasting Leprosie

ist you quite o'er; what, dost thou steal away!

t take thy Physick first, and thou and thou;

y I will lend thee Money... borrow none.

Phaax. What means your Lordship? I'll be gone.

Ælion. And I, he'll Murder us.

Ælius. This is raging madness; fly, fly.

fit! [*They run off.*

Fit *Tim.* What all in motion! henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a Villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn House, sink Athens, henceforth hated be

Of Timon, Man and all humanity.

[*Ex. Timon.*

A C T I V.

TIMON *Solus.**Timon.*

LEt me look back upon thee! O thou Wall
 That girdlest in those Wolves! Sink in the
 And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den
 Of savage Beasts; ye Matrons all turn Whores;
 Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench
 And minister in their stead. To general filth
 Convert o' th' instant green Virginity.
 Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold fast
 Rather than render back, out with your Knives
 And cut your Trusters Throats. Bound Servants
 Large handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid to thy Masters Bed,
 Mistress to the Brothel. Son of twenty one,
 Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire
 And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
 Religion to the Gods; Peace, Justice, Truth,
 Domestick awe, Night rest, and Neighbourhood,
 Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
 Degrees, Observances, Customs and Laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries;
 And let confusion live. Plagues incident to Me
 Your potent and infectious Feavers heap
 On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
 Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their Manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the Minds and Marrows of your Youth;

That gain
 And drow
 Now all the
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Alcib.

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Nici. T

Alcib.

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Phaax.

Nici. A

That 'gainst the stream of Virtue they may strive
 And drown themselves in riot. Itches, Blains,
 Now all the *Athenians* Bosoms, and their Crop
 The general Leprosie. Breath infect breath;
 That their Society, as their Friendship, may
 Be merely Poison. Nothing, I bear from thee:
 Farewel, thou most detested Town, and sudden
 Ruine swallow thee, [*Ex. Tim.*

Scene the Senate-House, all the Senate sitting...
Alcibiades.

Nici. How dare you, *Alcibiades*, well knowing
 Your Sentence not recalled, venture hither?

Alcib. You see, my reverend Lords, what confidence

I place in you, that durst expose my Person
 Before my Sentence be recalled: I am not now
 A petitioner for my self; I leave my case

To your good and generous Natures, when you shall
 Think I've deserv'd your favour for my service.

I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,

For mercy is the vertue of the Law,

And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.

For 'tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;

As brave a Man as e'er drew Sword for *Athens*.

He is *Thrasibulus*, who in heat of blood,

Has stept into the Law above his depth.

Nici. True, he has kill'd a Man.

Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they
 Refuse all mercy. He is a Man (setting his Fault aside)
 Of comely vertues; nor did he soil the fact with
 Cowardice; but with a noble fury did revenge his
 Injur'd reputation.

Phaex. You strive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nici. As if you'd bring Man-slaughter into form,

74 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

And Valour did consist in quarrelling.

Ælius. That is a base and illegitimate Valour:
He's truly Valiant that can wisely suffer.

Isand. All single Combats are detestable,
And Courage that's not warranted by Law,
Is much too dangerous a Vice to go unpunished.

Isid. If Injuries be evil, Death is most ill;
And then what folly is it for the less Ill
To hazard life the chiefest good?

Cleon. There's no such Courage as in bearing
wrong.

Alcib. If there be such Valour in bearing, what
Do we abroad? Women are then more Valiant
That stay at home. And the Ass a better Captain
Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that's
Loaden with Irons, is wiser than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make gross sins look clean
Eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond Men expose themselves
Battle,

And not endure all threats, and sleep upon 'em,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats?

Come, my Lords come, be pittiful and good.

Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

Alcib. The utmost law is downright Tyranny.
To kill I grant is the extreamest guilt,
But in defence of Honour.

Phaax. Honour! is any Honour to be fought
But the Honour of our Country?

Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never
For that. Let him that has no anger judge him:
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault... had they but Courage for it?

Cleon. You speak in vain.

Alcib. If you will not excuse his Crime, come
who he is, and what he has done; his service at
demon and *Byzantium*, are bribes sufficient for
Life.

THE MAN-HATER. 75

Nici. He did his duty, and was rewarded with his pay, and if he had not done it, he should be punisht.

Alcib. How, my Lords! is that all the return for Souldiers toils, fasting and watching; the many cruel hardships which they suffer; the multitude of Hazards, Blood, and loss of Limbs?

Isand. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has slain in fight hundreds of Enemies. How full of Valour did he bear himself In the last conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

Isid. H' have given too many.

Ælius. He is a known Rioter; he has a sin That often drowns him; in that Beastly fury He has committed outrages.

Phaax. Such as we shall not name, since others were Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nici. In short, His Days are foul, and Nights are dangerous; And he must die.

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in Fight,

And done you service. If not for his deserts; Consider all my actions, Lords, and joyn 'em With his... your reverend Ages love security, And therefore shou'd cherish those that give it you.

Phaax. You are too bold... he dies. No more...

Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?

Cleon. What says he?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Isand. Consider well the place, and who we are?

Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.

Must I sue for such common grace, And be deny'd? My wounds ake at you!

Nici. Y' are insolent! we have not forgotten yet your riot and destructive Vices, Whoredoms, prophaneness, giddy-headed Passions.

Phaax.

76 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Phaax. Your breaking *Mercurys* Statues ,
mocking the Mysteries of sacred *Proserpine*.

Alcib. Insolent ! now you provoke me. I
vext to see your malice vented in a place where ho
Men would only think on publick Interest. 'Tis b
and in another place you would not speak thus.

Nici. How say you !

Alcib. I thought the Images of *Mercury* had
been the Favourites of the Rabble , and the Rite
Proserpine : These things are mockery to Men
fence. What folly 'tis to Worship Statues, when y
kick the Rogues that made 'em !

Phaax. How dare you talk thus ? You have be
Rebel ?

Alcib. Could any but the basest of Mankind
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head
That utters this against me ? My Rebellion !
It was 'gainst the common People ; and you all
Are Rebels against them.

Nici. Cease your Insolence ! we sided not
Spartans.

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' *Athen*
Rabble but that ?

Phaax. It was well done to get your Friend
Agis his Wife with Child in his absence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended
Breed for him...

But what is that to th' matter now in hand ?

You have provok'd me , Lords , and I must tell
It is by me you sit in safety here.

Phaax. By you , bold Man ?

Alcib. Yes by me ! fearful Man !

You have incens'd me now beyond all patience,
I must tell you what ye owe me , Lords. 'Twas
that kept great *Tissaphernes* from the *Spartans* aid,
which *Athens* by this had been one heap of Rubble
I stopt a hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*

which w
this *Tiss*
that the
the Gov
you were
cracy ,
assist you
me off th
Nici.
Shall he
Alcib.
Did not
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Athens a
Phaax.
Alcib.
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of *Phœn*
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wh

which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made this *Tissaphernes*, *Athens* Friend, upon condition that they would awe the common people, and take the Government into the best Mens hands: would you were so! I sent *Pisander* then to form his Aristocracy, and promis'd the *Persian* General Forces to assist you; and when you had this pow'r, you cast me off that got it you.

Nici. My Lords, let him be silenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleasure,
Lords

Did not your Army in the Isle of *Samos*,
Offended at your Government, chuse me General?
And would have march't to your destruction,
Which I diverted? In that time your Foes
Would soon have won the Country of *Jonia*,
Of th' *Hellepont*, and all the other Isles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept some back by force,
By fair words others, in which *Thrasibulus*,
This Man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,
Having the loudest voice of all the *Athenians*,
Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
And thus we kept 'em from you Lords, and now
Athens a second time was sav'd by me.

Phaax, 'Tis a shame that we should suffer this!

Alcib. 'Tis a shame these things are unrewarded.
Another time I kept five hundred Sail of the *Phoenicians*
from the Aid of the *Lacedemonians*; won from
em a Sea Battle, before the City of *Abidus*; In spight
of *Marnabazus's* mighty Power. Think on my
Victory at *Cizicum*, where I Slew *Mendorus* in the
Field, and took the City: I brought then the *Bithy-*
nians to your Yoke, won *Silibrea* on the *Hellepont*,
and then *Byzantium*: Thus not only I diverted the
Torrent of the Armies Fury from you, but turn'd it
on

78 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

on the Enemies, and all the while you safely told your Money, and let it out upon extorted Interest : must be after all this poorly deny'd his Life, who has so often ventur'd it for you ?

Phaax. He dies, and you deserve it, but our Sentence

Is for your Insolence, we Banish you ;
If you be two hours more within these Walls,
Your Head is forfeited. Do you all consent ?

All Sen. All, all !

Alcib. All, all ! I am glad I know you all !
Banish me ! Banish your Dotage ! Your Extortion !
Banish your foul Corruptions and self Ends !
Oh the base Spirit of a Common-wealth !
One Tyrant is much better than four hundred ;
The worst of Kings would be ashamed of this :
I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
Is this the Balsom the ill natur'd Senate
Pours into Captains Wounds ? Ha ! Banishment !
A good Man would not stay with you, I Embrace
My Sentence : 'tis a Cause that's worthy of me.

[*Ex. Alcib.*

Nic. Was ever... heard such daring Insolence ?
Shall we break up the Senate ?

All. Sen. Ay, ay !

Timon, in the Woods digging.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Fens
the Bogs and muddy Marishes, and from corrupte
standing Lakes, rotten humidity enough to infect the
Air with dire consuming Pestilence, and let the
poisonous exhalations fall down on th' Athenians.
They're all Flatterers, and so is all Mankind. For
every degree of Fortune's smooth'd and sooth'd by
that below it; the learn'd Pate ducks to the Golden
Fool; There's nothing level in our conditions, but

THE MAN-HATER. 79

base Villany; therefore be abhorr'd each Man, and
all Society. Earth yield me Roots; thou common
Whore of Mankind, that put'st such odds amongst
the rout of Nations; I'll make thee do thy right offi-
ce. Ha, what's here? Gold! yellow, glittering
precious Gold! enough to purchase my Estate again:
Let me see further what a vast mass of Treasure's here!
There ly, I will use none, 'twill bring me Flatterers.
I'll send a Pattern on't to the *Athenians*; and let 'em
know what a vast Mass I've found, which I'll keep
from 'em. I think I see a Passenger not far off, I'll
send it by him to the Senate. [*Ex. Timon.*

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long shall I seek my unhappy Lord?
but I will find him or will lose my Life.
Oh base and shameful Villany of Man,
amongst so many thousands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his Afflictions!
Ha! here is a Spade! sure this belongs to some one
Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there?
What beast art thou that com'st to trouble me?
Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to seek
the poor distressed *Timon*, did you see him?
Tim. If thou be'st born of wicked humane Race,
Why com'st thou hither to disturb his Mind?
He has forsworn all Company?
Evan. Is this my Lord, Oh dreadful Transfor-
mation!
My dearest Lord, do you not know me?
Tim. Thou walk'st upon two Legs, and hast a Face
set towards Heav'n; and all such Animals

80 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

I have abjur'd; because they are not honest.
Those Creatures that are so, walk on all four:
Prithee be gone.

Evand. He's much distracted sure?
Have you forgotten then your poor *Evandra*?

Tim. No! I remember there was such a one,
Whom I us'd ill! Why dost thou follow misery?
And add to it? Prithee be gone.

Evan. These cruel Words will break my heart
I come;

Not to increase thy Misery but mend it.
Ah my dear *Timon*! Why this Slave-like habit?
And why this Spade?

Tim. 'Tis to dig Roots, and earn my Dinner with.

Evan. I have converted part of my Estate
To Money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet, and the Remainder
Thou soon shalt have.

Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I shall be flatter'd.

Evan. Comfort thy self and quit this savage life.
We have enough in spite of all the baseness
Of the *Athenians*; let not those Slaves
Triumph o'er thy Afflictions; we'll live free.

Tim. If thou disswad'st me from this Life,
hat'it me;

For all the Principalities on Earth,
I would not change this Spade! Prithee be gone,
Thou tempt'st me but in vain.

Evan. Be not so cruel.
Nothing but Death shall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my Life:
What would'st thou do with me?

Evan. I'd live the same: Is there a time or place
A Temper or Condition I would leave
My *Timon* in?

Tim. You must not stay with me?

Evand. Oh too unkind!

offer'd thee all my Prosperity...
And thou most niggardly deniest me part
Of my Afflictions.

Tim. Ah soft *Evandra!* is not the bleak Air
Too boisterous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or dost thou think these reverend Trees that have
Ours liv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
And skip where thou appointest 'em? Will the Brook
Candied with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

Evand. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I am savage as a Satyr, and my Temper
Is much unsound, my Brain will be distracted.

Evand. Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a Comfort to me when I thought
That thou wert prosperous; Thou art too good
To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather,
To mortifie thy self with Roots and Water,
I will kill thee. Prithee be gone.

Evand. To Death if you command.

Tim. I have forsworn all humane Conversation.

Evand. And so have I but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to see
Thee bear it.

Evand. On my Knees I beg it.
If thou refusest me, I'll kill my self.
I swear by all the Gods.

Tim. Rise, my *Evandra!*
I now pronounce to all the World, there is
One Woman honest; if they ask me more
I will not grant it. Come, my dear *Evandra,*
I'll shew thee Wealth that I have found with digging,
To purchase all my Land again, which I
Will hide from all Mankind.

Evand. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well said *Evandra!* Look, here is enough
To make Black White, Foul Fair, Wrong Right;
To make Noble, Old Young, Cowards Valiant.

82 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Ye Gods, here is enough to lug your Priests
And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
Make the hoar'd Leprosie ador'd; place Thieves
And give 'em Title, Knee and Approbation;
This makes the toothless, warp'd and wither'd Wid
Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten
Such as the Spittle-House and ulcerous Creatures
Would cast the Gorge at: this can defile
The purest Bed, and make Divorce 'twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it;
There it will sleep, and do no hired Mischief.

Tim. Now Earth for a Root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and
all;

And of such vile corrupting Mettal, as
Man, her proud arrogant... Child is made of,
Does engender black Toads, and Adders blue,
The guiled Neut and Eye-less venom'd W
with all

The loathsome Births the quickning Sun does shin

Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons
hate,

From out thy plenteous bosom some poor Roots;
Sear up thy fertile Womb to all things else;
Dry up thy Marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilt and Past
Whereof ungrateful Man with liquorish draughts
And unctuous morsels greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.
But hold a while... I am faint and weary.
My hands not us'd to toil, are gall'd.

Evan. Repose your self, my dearest love, th
your head

Upon my lap, and when thou hast refresh'd
Thy self, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more Man! retire into my
[*Ex. Evan.*

Apem. I was directed hither, Men report
That thou affect'st my Manners, and dost use 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a Dog
Whom I would rather imitate.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but affected,
A poor unmanly Melancholy, sprung
From change of Fortune. Why this Spade? This
place?

This slave-like Habit, and these Looks of Care?
Thy sordid Flatt'ers yet wear Silk, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd Perfumes, and have forgotten
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the Cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatt'rer now and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy Knee,
And let each great Mans Breath blow of thy Cap.
Praise his most monstrous Deformities,
And call his foulest Vices excellent.

Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Dost thou love to hear thy self prate?

Apem. No; but thou shou'd'st hear me speak.

Tim. I hate thy Speech, and spit at thee.

Apem. Do not assume my likeness to disgrace it.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd use the Copy
As the Original shou'd be us'd.

Apem. How shou'd it be us'd?

Tim. It should be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-Man, now a Fool;
Thou proud still? Call any of those Creatures
Whose naked Natures live in all the spight of angry
Heav'n, whose bare un-housed Trunks to the con-
fusing Elements expos'd, answer meer Nature,

84 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

bid 'em flatter thee, and thou shalt find...

Tim. An Afs of thee...

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did...

Tim. I hate thee worfe...

Apem. Why so?

Tim. Thou flatterest misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villains Office, or a Fools.

Apem. If thou dost put on this four life and hab
To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it inforc'dly; wert thou not a Beggar,
Thoud'ft be a Courtier again.

Tim. Slave thouly'ft, 'tis next thee the last thing
Which I would be on Earth.

Apem. How much does willing Poverty excel
Uncertain Pomp! for this is filling still,
Never compleat; that always at high wish;
But thou hast a contentless wretched Being;
Thou shoud'ft desire to die being miserable.

Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.

Apem. I am contented with my poverty.

Tim. Thou ly'ft. Thou would'ft not snarl
thou wert

But 'tis a Burthen that is light to thee,
Because thou hast been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortunes tender arms
With favour never claspt, but bred a Dog.
Hadst thou like me from thy first swath proceeded
To all the sweet degrees, that this brief World
Afforded me; thou would'ft have plung'd thy self
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Lusts, and never learn't
The Icy Precepts of Morality,
But had'ft pursu'd the alluring Game before thee.

Apem. Thouly'ft... I would have liv'd just as

Tim. P
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al
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Who neve
Thy Natur
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Apem. F
The middle
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When thou
Ten mock'
Thou in thy
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That the w
One Root,
Apem. I
Tim. Me
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Tim. If t
Thou shou'
rather
Apem. T

THE MAN-HATER. 85

Tim. Poor Slave! thou dost not know thy self!
Thou well canst bear what thou hast been bred to; but
For me who had the World as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the Hearts of
all Men,

At duty more than I could frame Employments for;
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winters brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
To every storm that blows: for me to bear this
Who never knew but better, is a great burthen.
Thy Nature did commence in suff'rance; Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
Men?

They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt curse,
Curse then thy Father, who in spight, put stuff
To some she-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor As! The middle of humanity thou ne'er
Didst know, but the extremity of both ends.
When thou wert in thy Gilt and thy Perfumes,
Men mock'd thee for thy too much Curiosity;
Thou in thy Rags know'st none.

Tim. Be gone, thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this
One Root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feast.

Tim. Mend my Condition, take thy self away.

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing else to do I'll see thee
again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy self,
Thou shoud'st not even then be welcome to me.
I'd rather be a Beggars Dog than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art a miserable Fool.

86 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon

Apem. Thou art too bad to Curse : no misery
That I could wish thee but thou hast already.

Tim. Be gone, thou Issue of a Mangy Dog.
I swoun to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave
thy Skull.

Apem. Farewel, Beast.

Tim. Be gone, Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou hast found
Mafs of Treasure ; they'll find thee out : The place
of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave ! Dog ! Viper ! out of my sight.

[*Ex.* *Apem.*

Choler will kill me if I see Mankind !

Come forth, *Evandra* ; Thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Canst thou eat Roots and drink at that fresh Spring
Our Feasting's come to this.

Evan. Whate'er I eat

Or drink with thee is feast enough to me ;

Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be content
I should be happy.

Tim. Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmuring
Brook,

And then repose a while.

Enter Poet, Painter and Musician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place, it cannot be
off, where he abides.

Mus. Does the rumour hold for certain, that
so full of Gold ?

THE MAN-HATER. 87

Poet. 'Tis true, h' has found an infinite store of Gold.

He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate ;
You will see him a Palm again in *Athens* ,
And flourish with the highest of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distress ,
We tender all our services to him...

Paint. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Mus. If we shou'd not...

Re-enter Timon and Evandra.

Poet. We'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he ,
I know by the description.

Mus. Let's hide our selves , and see how he will
take it. [*A Symphony.*

Evand. Here's Musick in the Woods , whence
comes it ?

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard
that I have Gold ; but that their disappointment will
be greater , in taking pains for nought , I'd send 'em
back...

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon*...

Mus. Our noble Master...

Paint. My most Excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest Men ?

Poet. Having so often tasted of your bounty
and hearing you were retir'd , your Friends faln off ;
whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd ,
We come to do you service.

Mus. We are not of so base a mould ; should we
desert our noble Patron !

Tim. Most honest Men ! oh , how shall I requite
you ?

you eat roots and drink cold water ?

Poet. Whate'er we can , we will to do you service.

F 4

Tim.

Tim. Good Men! come you are honest, you have heard

That I have Gold enough! speak truth, y' are honest

Poet. So it is said, but therefore came not we.

Mus. Not we, my Lord.

Paint. We thought not of it.

Tim. You are Good Men, but have one Month's fault,

Poet. I beseech your honour, what is it?

Tim. Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious Knave

Paint. Who is that, my Lord?

Tim. Why, one another, and each trusts him
Ye base Knaves, Tripartite! be gone! make haste
Or I will use you so like Knaves. [*He stones*

Poet. Fly, fly ...

Tim. How sick am I of this false World?

I'll now prepare my Grave, to lie where the
foam of the outrageous Sea may wash my Corps.

Evan. My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of Death
My Life and thine together must determine.

Tim. There is no rest without it; Prithee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is Wealth enough.

Evan. I have no Wealth but thee, let us lie down
To rest; I am very faint and heavy... [*They lie down*

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

Mel. Let the Chariot stay there.

It is most certain he has found a Mass of money,
And he has sent word to the Senate he's richer
ever.

Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again

Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my Love
charm him back to *Athens*; 'twas my deserting
that made him thus Melancholy.

THE MAN-HATER. 89

Chlo. If he be not, you'll promise Love in vain.

Mel. If he be not, my Promise shall be vain;
For I'll be sure to break it: Thus you saw
When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,
I would not see him; I am always true
To Interest and my Self. There Lord *Timon* lies!

Tim. What Wretch art thou come to disturb me?

Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee,
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to *Athens*, and her arms
Who cannot live without thee.

Evan. It is *Melissa*! Prithee listen not
To her destructive *Syrens* Voice,

Tim. Fear not.

Mel. Dost thou not know thy dear *Melissa*,
To whom thou mad'st such Vows?

Tim. O yes! I know that piece of Vanity,
That frail, that proud, inconstant foolish Thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She swore eternal love to me; soon after
She would not see me, shun'd me, slighted me.

Mel. Ah now I see thou never lov'dst me, *Timon*,
That was a Tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou didst love me; if thou hadst
Thou wouldst have born it: I lov'd thee then much
more

Than all the World... but thou art false I see,
And any little Change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.

Evan. Mind not that Crocodiles Tears,
She would betray thee.

Mel. Is there no Truth among Mankind?
Had I so much Ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen Fortune, and ne'er seen thee more.
Ah *Timon*! could'st thou have been kind, I could
Rather have begg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;

90 TIMON OF ATHENS: *or*,

But thou art lost, and hast forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why shou'd you strive to invade anothers
Right?

He's mine, for ever mine: These arms
Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has Marriage made
him so?

No,... Thou art his Concubine, dishonest Thing;
I would enjoy him honestly.

Tim. Peace, Screech Owl: There is much more
Honesty

In this one Woman than in all thy Sex
Blended together; our Hearts are one; and she
Is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen of all
The Universe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial
Than all the World can give.

Tim. False! Proud! Affected! vain fantastick
thing, be gone; I would not see thee unless I were a
Basilisk: thou boast'st that thou art honest of thy
Body, as if the Body made one honest: thou hast a
vile corrupted filthy Mind...

Mel. I am no Whore, as she is.

Tim. Thouly'st, she's none: But thou art one in
thy Soul: be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a
thing unmanly, and beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel, Beast... [*Ex. Mel. and Chloe.*

Evan. Let me kiss thy hand, my dearest Lord,
If it were possible more dear than ever.

Tim. Let's now go seek some rest within thy Cave,
If any we can have without the Grave. [*Exeunt.*

ACT



A C T V.

Enter TIMON *and* EVANDRA.

Timon.

NOW, after all the Follies of this Life,
Timon has made his everlasting Mansion
 Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood;
 Where every day the swelling Surge shall wash him.
 There he shall rest from all the Villanies,
 Betraying Smiles, or the oppressing Frowns
 Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan. Speak not of Death, I cannot lose thee yet;
 Throw off this dire consuming Melancholy.
 Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'dst not have another
 wish but me. There is no state on Earth which I can
 envy while I have thee within these Arms... take Com-
 fort to thee, think not yet of Death... leave not *Evan-*
dra yet.

Tim. Think'st thou in Death we shall not think,
 and know, and love, better than we can here? O
 yes, *Evandra*! There our Happiness will be without
 a Wish... I feel my long Sickness of Health and
 Living now begin to mend, and nothing will bring
 me all things: thou *Evandra*, art the thing alone on
 Earth, would make me wish to play my part upon
 the troublesome Stage, where Folly, Madness, False-
 hood, and Cruelty, are the only actions represented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
 Without one erring thought, the Gods can witness;
 And as my Life was true, my Death shall be.
 If I one minute after thee survive,

The

92 TIMON OF ATHENS : or

The Scorn and Infamy of all my Sex
Light on me, and may I live to be *Melissas* Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra*!

Thy Kindness covers me with Shame and Grief,
I have deserv'd so little from thee;
Were't not for thee I'd with the World on Fire.

Enter Nicias, Phæax, Isidore, Isander, Cleon,
Thrasillus, and Ælius.

More Plagues yet!

Nic. How does the Worthy *Timon*?
It grieves our Hearts to see thy low Condition,
And we are come to mend it.

Phæax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without
thee.

Cast from thee this sad Grief, most Noble *Timon*?
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their Love, and do with one consenting Voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em, and would send 'em back the
Plague,

Could I but catch it for 'em.

Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee most
sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear me.

Nic. Forget, most Noble *Timon*: they are sorry
They should deny thee thy Request: they do
Confess their Fault; and the whole Publick Body,
Which seldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us..

Tim. A very scurvey sample of that Body.

Phæax. O my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you
best of all Mankind.

Thrafi. And Equal with our selves.

Isid. Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee

Isand. We would stake our Lives for you.

Phæax.

Phaax. We are all griev'd to think you should
So mis-interpret our best Loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good Men, you much surprise me, even to
Tears;

Lend me a Fools Heart and a Womans, Eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these Comforts, worthy Lords.

Nic. We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.

Phaax. The Senate has reserv'd some special
Dignities

Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute Command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his Force; and like a savage Bear
Roots up his Countries Peace; we humbly beg
Thy just Assistance.

Phaax. We all know thou art worthy,
And hast oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord...

Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-Men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly Aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving up purest Virgins to the Stain
Of beastly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In Pity of the Aged and the Young,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not:
And let him tak't at worst; for their Swords care not
While you have Throats to answer. For my self
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Most reverend Throat in *Athens*, tell'em so!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Phaax. O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us

Ælius.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nici. He'll ne'er return; he truly is *Misanthropos*.

Phaax. You have Gold, my Lord, will you not serve your Country with some of it?

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my Advice, they shall be welcome.

Nici. I am sure they will, my Noble Lord.

Tim. I will instruct 'em how to ease their Griefs;
Their fears of Hostile Strokes, their Aches, Losses,
Their covetous Pangs, with other incident Throes,
That Natures fragil Vessel must sustain
In Lives uncertain Voyage.

Phaax. How, my good Lord? This kind Care is Noble.

Tim. Why even thus...

I will point out the most convenient Trees
In all this Wood, to hang themselves upon.
And so farewell, ye Covetous, Fawning Slaves;
Be gone let me not see the Face of Man more,
I had rather see a Tiger fasting...

Nici. He's lost to all our Purposes.

Phaax. Let's send a Party out of *Athens* to him
To force him to confess his Treasure;
And put him to the Torture if he will not.

Nici. It will do well, let's away.

[*Drums.*

Ælius. What Drums are those?

Phaax. They must belong to *Alcibiades*!
To Horse and fly, least we chance to be taken.

[*Exeunt.*

Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my Cave, or thou
May'st suffer by the Rage of lustful Villains.

Enter

THE MAN-HATER. 95

Enter Alcibiades with Phryne and Thais, two Whores.

Alcib. Command a Halt, and send a Messenger
To summon *Athens* from me!
What art thou there? Speak.

Tim. A two-legg'd Beast as thou art, Cankers
gnaw thee
For shewing me the Face of Man again.

Alcib. Is Man so hateful to thee! What art thou?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*! I hate Mankind:
And for thy part, I wish thou wer't a Dog,
That I might love thee something.
But now I think on't, thou art going
Against yon Cursed Town: go on!
It is a worthy cause.

Alcib. Oh *Timon*! now I know thee; I am sorry
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occasion to redress 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e'er shall Conquer; no, go on,
Paint with Mans blood the Earth; die it well.
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,
What then must War be?

Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?

Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alcib. What Friendship shall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promise me Friendship and perform
none;

If thou wilt not promise, thou art no Man:
And if thou dost perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to see thy misery.

Tim. Thou saw'st it when I was rich.

Alcib. Then was a happy time.

Tim.

96 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots.
What, dost thou fight with Women by thy side?

Alcib. No, but after all the toils and hazards of
the day with Men, I refresh my self at night with
Women.

Tim. These false Whores of thine have more
Destruction in 'em, than thy Sword.

Phry. Thou art a Villain to say so...

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenians* Minion?
A snarling Rascal.

Tim. Be Whores still; they love you not that use
you!

Employ all your salt hours to ruine Youth,
Softens their manners into a Lethargy
Of Sense and Action.

Phry. Hang thee, Monster; we are not Whores
We are Mistresses to *Alcibiades*.

Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miscall it
Ye have been so to many.

Thais. Out, on you Dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him
His wits are lost in his Calamities;
I have but little Gold, but here's some for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainst *Athens* with me?

Tim. If ye were Beasts, I'd go with ye: But I
not herd with Men. Yet I love thee better than all
Men, because thou wert born to ruine thy base
Country.

Alcib. I've sent to Summon *Athens*; if she obeys
not

I'll lay her on a heap.

Tim. It were a glorious Act; go on, go on!
Here's Gold for thee; stay I'll go fetch thee more.

Alcib. What Mystery is this? where shou'd he have
this.

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,

Be a de
Thy S
Pity no
He's an
It is he
Her fel
Make f
Spare m
From I
A Rog
Put Ar
Nor Ye
Nor fig
Shall p
Phry

Tha
He is a
Tim

Do stor
Here!
And wh
Be stron
Thatch
Some th
Wear th
Paint til
A Pox o
Tha
Tim.

Dry up
Crack t
May ne
Entice t
That fce
And not

THE MAN-HATER.

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Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword skip one, spare thou no Sex or Age:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Usurer: strike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgins Cheek
Make soft thy Sword, nor Milk-Paps giving Suck:
Spare not the tender Babe whose dimpled Smiles,
From Fools exhaust their Mercy; think 'twill be
A Rogue or Whore e'er long if thou should'st spare it.
Put Armour on thy Eyes and Ears, whose Proof,
Nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.

Phry. Hast thou more Gold, good *Timon*? Give us some.

Thais. What pity 'tis he should be thus melancholy!
He is a fine Person now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am sure you will

Do store of Mischief, I'd not give you any:
Here! be sure you be Whores still;
And who with pious breath seeks to convert ye,
Be strong in Whore, allure and burn him up.
Thatch your thin Skulls with Burthens from the Dead,
Some that were hang'd, no matter,
Wear them, betray with them, Whore still;
Paint till a Horse may mire upon your Faces...
A Pox on Wrinkles, I say.

Thais. Well, more Gold, say what thou wilt.

Tim. Sow your Consumptions in the Bones of Men;
Dry up their Marrows, pain their Shins and Shoulders;
Crack the Lawyers Voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead false Title more.
Entice the lustful and dissembling Priests,
That scold against the quality of Flesh,
And not believe themselves. I am not well.

G

Here's

98 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant Whores,
Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
And Ditches be your Death-Beds and your Graves.

Phry. More Counsel, and more Money, bounteous

Timon.

Tim. More Whore! more Mischief first,
I've given you Earnest.

Alcib. We but disturb him! farewell:
If I thrive well, I will visit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne'er shall see thee more:
I feel Deaths happy stroak upon me now,
He has laid his icy hands upon me at length;
He will not let me go again, Farewel.

Confound *Athens*, and then thy self. [*Ex. Timon.*

Alcib. Now march, Sound Trumpets and beat
Drums,

And let the Terrour of the noise invade
The ungrateful, Cowardly, usurious Senate.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Nicias, Ælius, Cleon, Thrasillus, Isidore,
Isander, upon the works of Athens.*

Nici. What shall we do to appease his Rage?
He has an Army able to devour us.

Phaax. We must e'en humbly bow our necks,
That he may tread on 'em.

Ælius. He is a Man of easie nature, soon won by
soothings.

Nici. I tremble lest he should revenge our sentence.

Isid. If we should resist, he'll level *Athens*.

Isand. And then wo to our selves,
Our Wives and Daughters.

Nici. What will become of you and me *Phaax*.
We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.

Phaax. Let us appear most forward in delivering
up the Town to him.

Nici.

THE MAN-HATER.

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Nici. If we resist he'll use a Conquerours Power,
And nothing then will scape the fury of
The Headstrong Soldiers, we must all submit.
See, he approaches. These Drums and Trumpets
Strike Terrour into me ! Heav'n, help all.

[*Enter Herald.*

Enter Alcibiades, and his Army.

Alcib. What answer make they to my Summons ?

Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.

Alcib. There's a white Flag ! let us approach 'em.
Hoa ! you on the works ! give me and my Army
entrance,

Or I'll let loose the fury of my Soldiers,
And make you all a prey to spoil and rapine ;
And such a flame I'll light about your Ears,
Shall make *Greece* tremble.

Nic. My noble Lord ! we mean nothing less.

Phaax. Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.

Nici. We've been ungrateful, and are much
asham'd on't,
Your Lordship shall tread upon our Necks if you think
good ;

We cannot but condemn our selves ;
But we appeal to your known Mercy and
Your Generosity.

Phaax. March, Noble Lord, into our City
With all the Banners spread ; we are thy Slaves.

Ælius. Your Footstools.

Isid. What ever you will make us.

Thrasil. Enter our City, Noble *Alcibindes* :
But leave your Rage behind you.

Isan. Set but your Foot against our Gates, and they
Shall open... so you will enter like a Friend.

Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations:
For if I set my Battering Rams to work,

100 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

You must expect no Mercy.

Nici. We will, my good Lord...

[*They all come down*, *Nic. presents Alcibiades*
the Keys upon his Knees.

Our Lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy Mercy for Protection.

Alcib. You merit as much Mercy as you show'd
To *Thrasibulus*; such monstrous Ingratitude
Will make your Villainous Names grow Odious
To all the Race of Men, but to your selves
To whom Vertue is so.

Phaax. 'Twas the whole Senats Voice.

Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wrested the Power from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worse than they;
But most of you deserve the Ostracism:

Some of you are such Rogues you'd shame the Gibbet
Nic. Good my Lord, tread on our Necks, but pardon us

Phaax. We'll be your slaves if you'll forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thrasibulus* when he's dead?
Must we be us'd thus after our frequent Hazards,
Our toils, hard weary Marching! Watching! Fasting!
Such dreadful Hardships, lying out such Nights,
A Beast could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Purisy-Lazy-Knaves, that snort
In Peace at home, and wallow in their Bags?
Must we the Bulwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?

Phaax. Cease to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of Shame and Guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades*.

Thrafi. We heartily repent.

Isid. We'll kiss thy Feet, good Lord.

Isand. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You six of the foremost here must meet me
In the *Ανυξ*, where I'll order the *πρίταυες*
To assemble all the People...

And

THE MAN-HATER.

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And on your Knees Present your selves
With Halters 'bout your Necks!

Phæax. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib. Dispute it not, for by the Gods if you
Fail in this Point, I'll hang ye all,
Rifle your Houses, and extirpate all
Your Race... March on.

Give order that not a Man shall break his Ranks,
Or shall offend the regular Course of Justice,
On Penalty of Death... March on... [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Timon and Evandra coming out of the Cave.

Evand. Oh my dear Lord! why do you stoop and
bend like Flowers o'ercharg'd with Dew, whose
yielding Stalks cannot support 'em? I have a Cordial
which will much revive thy Spirits.

Tim. No, sweet *Evandra*,
I have taken the best Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at Heart.

Evan. Oh my dear *Timon*! must we then part?
That I should live to see this fatal Day!
Had Death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.

Tim. My poor *Evandra*! lead me to my Grave!
Lest Death o'ertake me... he pursues me hard:
He's close upon me. 'Tis the last Office thou
Canst do for *Timon*.

Evan. Hard, stubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that courts thee?

Tim. Lay me gently down
In my last Tenement. Death's the truest Friend;
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
Now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
is almost finish'd! Now, my best *Evandra*,
I charge thee, by our Loves, our mutual Loves,
G 3 Live,

102 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Live, and live happy after me : and if
A Thought of *Timon* comes into thy Mind,
And brings a Tear from thee, let some diversion
Banish it... quickly, strive to forget me.

Evan. Oh *Timon*! Think'st thou I am such a Coward
I will not keep my word? Death shall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Resign my Life in Peace, I will be with thee,
After my Death; my Soul shall follow thee,
And hover still about thee, and guard thee from all
harm.

Evan. Life is the greatest harm, when thou art dead.

Tim. Can'st thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
Thee in his sad Calamities?

Evan. It is a Blessing to share any thing with thee!
Oh thou look'st pale! thy Countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?

Tim. To my last home. I charge thee live, *Evandra*;
Thou lov'st me not, if thou will not obey me;
Thou only Dear, Kind, Constant Thing on Earth,
Farewel. [Dies.

Evand. He's gone! he's gone! would all the
World were so. I must make haste, or I shall not
o'ertake him in his Flight. *Timon*, I come, stay for me,
Farewel, base World. [Stabs her self. Dies.

*Enter Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Thais, his Officers
and Souldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The
People by degrees assembling.*

Enter Melissa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conquest ever bless thee.
Wonder and Terrour of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind: now thy *Melissa*'s happy:
She has liv'd to see the utmost day she wisht for;

Her

Her *Alcibiades* return with Conquest
O'er this ungrateful City ; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e'er this.

Alcib. What Gay, Vain Prating Thing is this ?

Mel. How, my Lord' do you question who *Melissa* is?
And give her such foul Titles ?

Alcib. I know *Melissa*, and therefore give her such
Titles :

For when the Senate banisht me ;
She would not see me, tho' upon her Knees
Before she had sworn Eternal Love to me ;
I see thy Snares too plain, to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'er refus'd to see you, Heav'n can witness !
Who ever told you so, betray'd me basely :
Not see you ! sure there's not a Sight on Earth
I'd chuse before you : You make me astonish'd !

Alcib. All this you swore to *Timon* ; and next day
Despis'd him... I have been inform'd
Of all your Falsehood, and I hate thee for't ;
I have Whores, good honest faithful Whores !
Good Antidotes against thy Poison... Love ;
Thy base false Love ; and tell me, is not one
Kind, faithful, loving Whore, much better than
A thousand base, Ill-natur'd honest Women ?

Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do not weep,
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee :
I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this Scorn... Farewel,
I'll never see you more. [Exit.

Alcib. I hope you will not.

Enter Soldiers with drawn Swords, haling in Apemantus
How now ! what means this Violence ?

104 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

1 Sold. My Lord, this snarling Villainous Philosopher
With open mouth rail'd at the Army;
He said the General was a Villain: shall we cut his
Throat?

Alcib. No! touch him not! unhand him!
Why, *Apemantus*, didst thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always speak my Thoughts: not all
The Swords o' th' Army bent against my Throat!
Can fright me from the Truth...

Alcib. Why dost thou think I am one?

Apem. 'Tis true, that this base Town deserves thy
Scourge,

And all the Terror and the Punishment,
Thou can'st inflict upon it: the Deed is good,
But yet thou dost it ill; private Revenge,
Base Passion, headstrong Lust, incite thee to it;
Had they not bannish'd thee, thou would'st have
suffer'd

Wrong still to prosper, and th' insulting Tyrants
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their Oppression,
And would'st have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'st too much for a Philosopher.

Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor
love thee,

All thy good Parts thou drown'st in Vice and Riot,
In Passion and Vain-glory: how proud art thou
Of all thy Conquests... when a poor Rabble
Of Idle Rogues who else had been in Jayls,
Perform'd 'em for thee; How false is Soldiers Honour!
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the Face of day
With daring Impudence Men go to Murther Mankind..
But in the greatest Actions of their Lives
The getting Men, they sneak and hide themselves
I' th' dark. I scorn your Folly and your Madnefs.

Alcib. Thou art a snarling Cur.

1 Sold. Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

Apem.

THE MAN-HATER.

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Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee,
And for his sake I spare thee.

Apem. How much did *Socrates* lose his Pains in thee!
Hadst thou observ'd his Principles thou'dst been honest

*Enter Nicias, Thrasillus, Phæax, Isidore, Isander,
Ælius, and Cleon, with Halters about their Necks.*

Nici. We come, my Noble Lord, at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy Mercy.

Phæax. Spare our Lives, and we'll employ 'em
In thy Service, worthy *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful
Knaves?

All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have used me basely?

All. We have, but we are very sorry.

Alcib. I should do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer; but thousand such base Lives
As yours would not weigh with his. Go, ye have
Your Liberty. And now the People are assembled,
I will declare my Intentions towards them.

[*He ascends the Pulpit.*

My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjust Sentence past upon me;
In the Return of which I have subdu'd
Your Enemies and all revolted Places,
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And with continual Toil, and numberless Dangers
Stretcht out the Bounds of your Dominions far
Above your Hopes or Expectations.
I will not recount the many Enterprises,
No *Grecian* can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains
I farther shou'd declare my self. I come
First to free you, good Citizens of *Athens*,

From

From the most Insupportable Yokes
 Of your four hundred Tyrants ; and then next
 To claim my own Estate , which has unjustly
 By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
 I do confess , I , in Revenge of your Decree
 Against me , set up them , but never thought
 They would have been such cursed Tyrants to you ;
 Till now , they have gone on and fill'd the time
 With most licentious Acts ; making their Wills ,
 Their base corrupted Wills , the Scope of Justice ,
 While you in vain groan'd under all your Suff'rings.
 Thus when a few shall Lord it o'er the rest ,
 They govern for themselves and not the People :
 They rob and pill from them , from thence t' increase
 Their private Stores ; but when the Government is in
 the Body of the People , they will do themselves no
 harm ; Therefore henceforth I do pronounce the
 Government shall devolve upon the People , and may
 Heav'n prosper 'em.

[*People shout and cry* , Alcibiades ! Alcibiades ! Long
 live Alcib. , Liberty , Liberty , &c. [*Alcib. descends.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Noble Lord , I went as you commanded,
 And found Lord *Timon* dead , and his *Evandra*
 Stab'd , and just by him lying in his Tomb ,
 On which was this Inscription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

*Here lies a wretched Corpse , of wretched Soul bereft ,
 Timon my Name , a Plague Consume you Caitiffs left.*

Poor *Timon* ! I once knew thee the most flourishing
 Man

Of all th' *Athenians* , and thou still had'st been so ,
 Had not these smiling , flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
 And

THE MAN-HATER.

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And Murder'd thee with base Ingratitude.
 His Death pull'd on the poor *Evandras* too;
 That Miracle of Constancy in Love.
 Now all repair to their respective Homes,
 Their several Trades, their Business and Diversions;
 And whilst I guard you from your active Foes,
 And fight your Battles, be you secure at home.
May Athens flourish with a lasting Peace;
And may its Wealth and Power ever increase.

't the People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Liberty Liberty, &c.

EPILOGUE.

If there were hopes that ancient solid Wit
Might please within our new fantastick Pit;
His Play might then support the Criticks shock,
His Scien grafted upon Shakespears Stock;
Join'd with his our Poets part might thrive,
Not by the Vertue of his Sap alive.
Though now no more substantial English Plays,
In good old Hospitality you praise;
Time shall come when true old Sence shall rise
Judgment over all your Vanities.
Not Kickshaw-Wit o' th' Stage, French Meats at Feasts
Shall daily tantalize the hungry Guests;
While the old English Chine us'd to remain,
And many hungry Onsets would sustain.
These thin Feasts each Morsel's swallow'd down,
Ev'ry thing but the Guests Stomach's gone.
These new fashion'd Feasts you've but a Taste,
Meat or Wit you scarce can break a Fast.
Jantee Slightness to the French we owe,
That makes all slight Wits admire 'em so.

They're

They're of one Level, and with little Pains
The Frothy Poet good reception gains;
But to hear English Wit there's use of Brains.
Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
In Want of Learning, affectation, Wit,
And which is most, in Cloaths, we'll ne'er submit.
Their Ships or Plays o'er ours shall ne'er advance,
For our Third Rates shall match the First of France.
With English Judges this may bear the Test,
Who will for Shakespears Part forgive the rest.
The Sparks judge but as they hear others say,
They cannot think enough to mind a Play.
They to catch Ladies (which they dress at) come,
Or 'cause they cannot read or think at home;
Each here doux yeux and am'rous Looks imparts,
Levels Crevats and Perriwigs at Hearts;
Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
And but for Vanity wou'd have 'em kind.
No Passion...
But for their own Dear Persons them can move,
Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
Nor Wit nor Beauty their hard Hearts can strike,
Who only their own Sense or Persons like.
But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
To save him from Wits mortal Enemies.
Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
And with each Mistress we must Favour find,
They, for Evandras sake, will sure be kind;
At least all those to Constant Love inclin'd.

F I N I S.